

"THE JERK"

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Glamorous opening night crowds arriving at a hit show; limousines discharging women in furs, men in tuxedos. Flashbulbs pop for celebrity arrivals, chimes announce curtain time, the lobby lights blink invitingly. We move in on this, as if arriving for the show, only to pan off to an alley alongside the theatre, where a squalid derelict lies half-conscious against the wall, hands clutching a ratty paper bag wrapped around a bottle of Muscatel, meager belongings crammed into a battered old suitcase tied with clothesline and a necktie.

2 CLOSE ON THE BUN

It's STEVE, red-eyed and whisker, the bottom of the barrel. He looks directly into camera.

STEVE

My story...? I have not always been like this. I once had wealth, power, and the love of a beautiful woman. Now, I only have two things... My dignity...

A passing car slings mud up at him from the gutter. Splat!

STEVE

(going on)

...And my pride....

He opens a bottle of "Pride" furniture polish and drinks it.

STEVE

(recovering)

It was never easy for me...

Music optical effects begin to lead us into a flashback.

STEVE

...I was born a poor black child...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. SHARECROPPER'S CABIN IN MISSISSIPPI - DAY

It's a lazy Sunday afternoon, and a black family (MOTHER, FATHER, grandma, and eight children ranging from 24 to 7 years of age) are quietly absorbed in routine tasks. One

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CONTINUED

of the eldest sons, a TAJ MAHAL type, is playing blues on a beat-up guitar, some of the others keep time and play harmonica. Steve, dressed and placed as one of the family, is nodding happily out of tempo. When the blues finishes, he is the only one to applaud. As he looks around sheepishly:

CUT TO:

4 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

4

The family is at dinner, Mother is serving.

MOTHER

Here's cornbread, and greens, and some of those hog maws you like, and leave room for some sweet potatoe pie....

FATHER

Mother, ain't you forgettin' something?

MOTHER

Not at all -- listen everybody, today is Steve's birthday and I cooked him up his favorite meal....

The family reacts with joy and enthusiasm.

STEVE

Gee, Mom -- thanks.

MOTHER

(producing a tray)
Tunafish salad on white bread with mayonnaise, a Tab, and a couple of Twinkies....

The Twinkies have candles stuck through the cellophane. Everyone sings as Steve gets his birthday meal.

TAJ

MM-umm -- I know you're gonna like that shit.

ELVIRA

(age twelve)

Here, Steve -- I made it in school...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

She gives him a little leather wallet...The others press around with inexpensive, sincere gifts, including the littlest kid's contribution, a grade-school crayon family portrait: nine black faces and one conspicuously blank white one.

FAMILY

(ad lib)

Here you are...This is for you...
Hope you like it...etc.

5 CLOSE ON STEVE

5

He is overwhelmed by this generosity.

STEVE

Thank you...thank you...God
Bless us, every one....

His eyes fill with tears, and he bolts from the table, disappearing into a bedroom.

TAJ

What's the matter now?

ELVIRA

Momma, why's Steve crying?

MOTHER

Because you all made him so
happy. Eat your dinner. I'll
talk to him...

She goes in after him, carrying the Twinkies.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BOYS BEDROOM - NIGHT

6

There are five beds in the room. Steve is lying on the quilt, sobbing.

STEVE

Aw, Mom, I'm sorry I spoiled
the party....

MOTHER

I brought your Twinkie.

STEVE

I'm not hungry.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MOTHER

You feelin' "different" again?

STEVE

It's like I don't belong here,
like I don't fit in.

MOTHER

Son, it's your birthday, and it's
time you knew. You ain't our
natural-born child.

STEVE

I'm not?

MOTHER

You was left on our doorstep, and
we raised you like you was one
of us.

STEVE

You mean I'm going to stay this
color....ughhh.

MOM

Oh son, I'd love you if you was
the color of a baboons' ass.

They hug. Steve is hugging his Mom, trying to absorb this
information. Taj, the eldest, sticks his head in the door.

TAJ

I wrapped your sandwich in cellophane,
just how you like it. You wanna come
in and sing some blues?

STEVE

No thanks. There's something about
those songs, they -- they depress me.

Taj exits, and a moment later we hear the family launch into
a full Mississippi Delta rural blues. Mom leaves Steve and
goes to join them.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Steve is lying in the middle of a double bed with his four
Black brothers. In the background we can hear the radio playing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

...And that concludes this Sunday night
Gospel Hour, live from the Four Square
Gospel Church of Divine Salvation in
St. Louis, Missouri, the Reverend Willard
Willman, Pastor.

Steve stares into the night. The program changes.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now, Music Throughout the Night;
music in a mellow mood.

One of the Fifties' most forgettable standards in a stupid
Lawrence Welk Society Orchestra arrangement. Steve looks up,
caught by something...It's his theme, his music.

The rhythms continue, Steve begins to snap his fingers and
tap his foot, this time definitely on the beat. He climbs
over his brothers, and glides into the living room.

8

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8

The music has shifted to another danceable 4/4 foxtrot.
Steve is box-stepping and dipping like crazy. The light
go on from his parents' bedroom, and his mother, sleepy in
curlers and nightdress, emerges. Others in the family wake
up to see what's going on.

FATHER (O.S.)

What in the hell is that noise?

MOTHER

Steve -- is that you?

STEVE

Elvira, Leroy, Mom, Dad, Navin, Satch,
Pierre...Listen! This is a music I've
never heard before! Listen to it! It
speaks to me. Oh, I know there's life
out there...It's the kind of music that
tells me to go out there and be somebody!

(he sings)

YOU...STOLE MY HEART AWAY...YOU...

FATHER

(sighs)

Let him go.

They stare at him in amazement as he waltzes around the room
in ecstasy, and we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

9

EXT. CABIN - DAY

9

Steve is bidding his family goodbye.

MOTHER

And remember -- the Lord loves a
working man.

FATHER

And son, don't never, ever, trust
Whitey.

STEVE

I'll try, Dad.

MOTHER

I hope you find whatever it is
you're lookin' for, Son.

STEVE

I will -- I know it's out there.

Hugs and kisses all around. Profound, sincere farewells.
This is goodbye. Steve steps away, and walks proudly out
through the garden gate. Then he stands in the road, puts
out his thumb, and waits for a hitch. The family stands
around patiently, then, one by one, drift off -- the kids
to school, Pop to work, Mom into the house. Steve waits,
and waits.

10

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

10

The family is seated around the dinner table eating their
dinner.

MOTHER

I sho' do miss Steve...

ELVIRA

Is he ever comin' back?

FATHER

Take his place settin' away...
it's makin' us too goddamn sad!

MOTHER

(wearily)

I wonder if he's doin' alright?

Elvira gets up from the table and goes to the window and shouts
outside.

ELVIRA

How you doin' Steve!

11 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

11

Steve is still standing in the same spot.

STEVE

I'm okay!...Don't worry about me.
I think I see a car coming!...Oh...
wait! No, it's just a cat with two
fire flies on its eyelids...No, it's
a truck!

12 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

12

MOTHER

God, take care of our little
boy.

13 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

13

A dilapidated farm truck has just stopped in front of Steve.
It is driven by an elderly farmer.

FARMER

How far you goin', son?

STEVE

St. Louis. How far are you
going?

FARMER

(pointing)

Well, I'm just goin' up to
that fence there.

We see a fence which is about twelve feet by where Steve is
standing. Steve debates for a moment -- he throws his bag
into the truck and hops in.

14 INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

14

The truck starts up and begins to roll.

STEVE

(enthusiastically)

Hi!...I'm Steve Garthwaite...What's
your name, Sir?

FARMER

Well, here we are.

Steve gets out of the truck and retrieves his bag. As the
truck drives off and makes a right turn, Steve shouts:

STEVE

Thanks for the company!...I
hope I can repay you some day!

Steve turns back toward the road and puts his thumb out.

QUICK CUTS: STEVE ON THE ROAD

- 15 -- Getting a lift with a big semi. 15
- 16 -- Hitching in the rain. 16
- 17 -- Trudging down an empty highway, a large city in the distance. 17
- 18 -- Getting out of a car in a downtown area. 18
- 19 EXT. MOTEL - DAY 19

The sign outside reads: "FIREBIRD MOTEL"

- 20 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 20

Steve is pleased with his room; it's sparse, but clean. What a bargain! He walks over to the window and pulls the drapes open. A roaring 747 flies towards his face. At the last moment it gains altitude and skims over the roof of the motel.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 21 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 21

Steve is sound asleep. We hear a scratching at the door, then a dog barking. Steve wakes; he hears it, too. The barking becomes more insistent. Steve goes to the door and opens it. There is a dog barking frantically.

STEVE

What is it, boy?...Trouble?...

Well, what is it?...An accident?...

The dog growls negatively.

STEVE (cont'd)

...A drowning?...

The dog growls negatively again.

STEVE (cont'd)

A fire!

The dog barks excitedly. Steve rushes into the room and collects his belongings.

STEVE

I've heard about dogs like you!
You're a lifesaver!...And that's
what I'm going to call you: 'Ol
Lifesaver. Come on, we got to
warn everybody!...Gosh...this is
exciting!

- 22 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 22

Steve runs to a door and pounds.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Woof!...Woof!...I...I...
mean fire! Fire! There's
a fire!

He continues to run down the hall knocking on doors shouting FIRE! The motel doors begin to open and people start exiting from their rooms.

23 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

23

Steve and the dog stand as the motel empties out: hookers, shriners, tourists, salesmen, etc. They assemble in the parking lot in front of the motel. Steve bends down to talk to the dog.

STEVE

I see you got a collar on...Who
do you belong to?

Steve reads the tag.

STEVE

There's no name...It just says
your allergic to pencillan...You
don't belong to anybody?

The dog puts his head down.

STEVE

Your going to be my dog, Lifesaver!

FIRST TOURIST

Hey!...There's no fire!

SECOND TOURIST

Who yelled fire?!

THIRD TOURIST

I was sound asleep!

FOURTH TOURIST

I was watching T.V.!

STEVE

I was taking a shower!

The crowd grumbles and returns inside the motel.

TOURIST'S KID

That's a nice dog, Mister.
What's his name?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Oh, him?...Shithead.

(walks away

and turns

back to dog)

C'mon, Shithead.

24 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

24

A truck pulls up, drops off Steve and the dog. They head for the office.

25 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

25

An older man, HARRY HARTOUNIAN, the immigrant owner of this station, is stacking cans of engine additive.

STEVE

Excuse me, do you have a key to the restroom?

HARRY

You buying gas?

STEVE

Yes.

HARRY

I don't see your car.

STEVE

I just need enough for my lighter.

HARRY

(sarcastically)

A lighter?...And to think my wife didn't want me to come in today. I would have missed a whole lighter fill-up! Here's the key. Don't walk away with it.

Harry hands him a huge brake drum with a key attached to it by a chain. About thirty pounds of steel.

STEVE

Thank you.

HARRY

You would be surprised how many of those I lose.

26 Steve, with difficulty, drags the brake drum and unlocks the door to the restroom and enters it. We hear the sound of Steve peeing. Harry stands by the door and yells at Steve.

26

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY

Hey...pop top!

STEVE

Huh?..

HARRY

Hey...silverbird! I'm
talking to you.

Steve continues peeing.

HARRY

You want to be president of
Texaco Oil?

STEVE

Sure!

HARRY

Clean up the sink in there!

STEVE

Then I'll be president of
Texaco Oil?

HARRY

(mimicking)

Then I'll be president...Whatever
happened to working your way up?
Kids today!...They don't want to
start at the bottom and work their
way up...they want to start at the
top and work their way sideways!
Your not working here ten minuets
and already you want to be president!

STEVE

But, Sir, I don't work here.

HARRY

(cunning)

Oh, not even for...A dollar-ten
an hour?

The bathroom door opens slowly and we see Steve staring in
disbelief.

STEVE

Wha...you'll pay me \$1.10 if I
work here an hour?

HARRY

You betcha.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE
(catching on)
What if I work two hours?

HARRY
Then I pay you \$2.20. Just
like that.

STEVE
What about eight hours?

HARRY
\$8.80.

STEVE
What about fourteen and one-
half hours?...

HARRY
\$15.95.

STEVE
What about nine and three-
quarters?...

HARRY
\$10.72 1/2.

STEVE
What about eighteen hours
and twenty-six min.....

HARRY
(interrupting)
Look!...How ever long you work
I pay you \$1.10 an hour.
(pointing)
See that mop, see that bucket,
you know what to do.

STEVE
Yes sir! (Steve proceeds to
mop the inside of the bucket)

*

QUICK CUTS:

27 -- Steve mopping the garage floor.

27

28 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

28

One hour later. Steve approaches Harry at the register.

HARRY

What?

STEVE

It's been an hour. You owe me a \$1.10.

HARRY

So?

STEVE

(repeating
patiently)

It's been an hour, so you owe me a dollar and ten cents.

HARRY

Oh.

He fishes in register, gives Steve a dollar and a dime. Steve thanks him, and sprints back to work, happy at his new job.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 STEVE WORKING - MONTAGE

29

Like a demon, washing, polishing, stacking, straightening. Every now and again he checks the clock on the wall. Each hour, he approaches Harry for another hour's wages. Finally:

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

30

HARRY

Look. I tell you what. Instead of paying you \$1.10 every hour...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Steve gives him a suspicious look. Is Whitey trying to cut his wages?

HARRY

(going on)

You keep track of how many hours you work, and I'll pay you at the end of the week.

STEVE

Let me get this straight. You'll pay me for every hour I work in a week?

HARRY

Sure.

Harry nods appreciatively.

STEVE

Fifty, sixty, even seventy hours? \$1.10 for each hour?

HARRY

Absolutely.

Steve indicates "This is a great deal -- This old man must be nuts..." They shake hands on it.

STEVE

Remember -- as many hours as I want...

CUT TO:

31 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

31

Steve is on a ladder, hanging what is obviously his own hand-lettered sign -- "OPEN ALL NIGHT".

CUT TO:

32 EXT. ROADSIDE - THE NEXT DAY

32

Steve is posting a letter at a mailbox across the way from the gas station. He turns and sprints back to the gas station as we hear:

STEVE (V.O.)

"Dear Mom, I got this great job in a gas station. I don't want to say just how much I'm getting,

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED

STEVE (Cont'd)

but let's just say it's a lot.
I'm enclosing two dollars....

(the following should
fade down as the next
comes up)

...it's a lot of fun working
and Mr. Hartounian is really
nice. He is teaching me how
to be impatient. Well, I've
got to go now. What do you
think I do?....Write letters
all day? Your loving son,
Steve."

*

*

*

33 & 34 omitted

33 & 34 omitted

35

EXT. STATION CAR PORT - DAY

35

Steve enthusiastically starts polishing a '67 Pontiac.

*

HARRY

Steve, you're a good boy...You
work hard. In fact, I've never
seen you sleep.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Yes you have.

HARRY

I have? Refresh my memory.

STEVE

Remember yesterday when I emptied the grease trap? I was asleep.

HARRY

You were asleep?

STEVE

Like a baby. And yesterday when I lubed the Volkswagon? I was asleep then too.

HARRY

I've heard of sleep walkers. Look at me! I hired myself a sleep luber. Look, the next time you're asleep, would you let me know? I'd like to see such a thing.

STEVE

Okay. I'm asleep right now.

HARRY

Right now as we're talking, your're sleeping?

STEVE

Totally sound asleep.

HARRY

And I can't ever sleep when I'm sleeping. Wake up! Wake up! I want to talk to you.

STEVE

(Shakes his head)

Oh, hi Mr. Hartounian.

HARRY

(Gently)

Steve, you're the son I've always wanted, and I'm glad I didn't get him because now that I see it...I don't want it...Come with me.

They start to walk.

HARRY

How come you got no place to stay?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Well, I wanted to get a decorator first...and the carpeting I want just isn't available now....

HARRY

I know, you're like me, fifty years ago. I come to this country with nothing. Today I got this gas station, a little split level in the suburbs and a telephone. People call me up...Hello Mr. Hartounian, it's a pleasure to talk to you on the phone.

Steve follows Harry into the toilet.

35a

INT. TOILET DAY

35a

A man is at the urinal.

HARRY

Steve -- I'm gonna give you a nice place to stay.

STEVE

I can't take this.

HARRY

Not here. In there!

Harry opens a door in the back wall of the toilet.

36

INT. STEVE'S ROOM - DAY

36

They enter. Harry turns on a naked light bulb and illuminates a bare storage room...oil, batteries and car parts are stored.

HARRY

It's a great place -- no kitchen, no bathroom, no windows; it's a masterpiece of understatement... I'll put a bed in here, a bigger bulb...I'll bring some sheets from home and you're set for life.

STEVE

Gosh! How much will it cost me?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY

Nothing. Someday when you're
rich and famous you'll send me
a postcard.

Steve thinks it over...Finally:

STEVE

A post card, huh? Well, okay,
it's a deal.

They shake hands.

HARRY

(takes out a pencil)

Steve, you're a good boy...

I'm writing something
down here...I'm going to put it
in this little envelope,

(does so and
hands it to

Steve)

and someday when you're at the
bottom of the barrel and the
bottom starts to fall out...

And you can't stand the pain and
you feel like you're walking around
with your pants around your ankles,
you open this up and you'll read
something that'll take the pain away.

STEVE

(looks at envelope)

Thanks Harry.

Steve turns and hits his head on a jutting beam. He
screams. plops onto a crate and starts opening the
envelope.

HARRY

What're you doing?
(grabs envelope)

STEVE

I'm in pain.

HARRY

You don't waste wisdom like this
for a pain like that.

He stuffs the envelope in Steve's pocket.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY

Save this for a big pain.

37

INT. STEVE'S ROOM - DAY

37 *

Neatly furnished in gas station leftover: chairs made from tires, crates, jacks holding up a tabletop, etc. Steve is staring at a new phone .

SOUND: Ring

Steve lets it ring four or five times.

STEVE

(runs to door and shouts out)
Mr. Hartounian! It's working! It's ringing!

38

INT. GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

38

HARRY

I know. I rang you...Can I hang up now?

STEVE

No...Let me see if the talking part works...

39

Steve runs back to the phone and gingerly picks up the receiver and stares into it at arms length.

39

HARRY (V.O.)

Hello, hello...Mister I'm talking to you!

STEVE

Harry, it works great! It's unbelievable...It's a miracle! It sounds like you're in the next room. Harry, I owe you so much.

CONTINUED

39 INT. GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

39a

HARRY

No. I owe you. At last I know
the true meaning of the word shmuck.

40 omit

40

41

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

41*

Steve is stacking new oil cans out of cartons and putting them
in a rack. Harry and his wife, a gorgeous 30-year old voluptuous
blonde, drive up in their new Impala to the gas pump. Harry gets
out of the car to talk to Steve.

STEVE

Mr. Hartounian, you said you
weren't going to come in tonight.

*

HARRY

I want to show you something...
Look at this....

(points to wife
in car)

Steve, this is my wife, Lenore.

STEVE

Pleased to meet you...Harry has
told me so little about you.

HARRY

The only reason a woman of such
pulchritude is bothering with a
person like me is because I
make a good living.

(beat)

This is the first time I'm
leaving you alone on a Saturday
night. If anything happens to
this station, this woman here
will leave me like a shot! Do
you know what I mean?...No more...

(makes a hump-
ing gesture)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Harry starts back to his car.

HARRY

Look at it this way...Guard the
station with your life!...My sex
life is in your hands!

Harry starts out.

42 omitted

*

42 omitted

43 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

43

A dilapidated low riding Buick drives ominously and
noisily into the station...Inside are four rough
looking PUNKS. Steve exits bathroom and comes to car.

1ST PUNK

(heavy set Greaser
with missing teeth)

Hey Bro, you sell gas?

STEVE

Yes...But it's after eight o'clock
and we only take credit cards.

*

1ST PUNK

Oh, all the cash is locked up?

STEVE

Oh no...not locked up. We got a
lot of cash, but it's just that I'm
not allowed to have cash coming in
or going out...thank God for credit
cards because in this neighborhood
with the undesirables...You know
the kind...They just as soon kill
me for this kind of money.

**

(flashes wad of money)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

1ST PUNK

(exchanges glances
with rest of crowd)

Hey, Turk! Don't we got a credit
card back there?

44 ANGLE ON TURK

44

who roots through several ladies' handbags until he produces
a credit card and gives it to 1st Punk.

1ST PUNK

You take a Master Charge?
(hands it to
Steve)

STEVE

Yes...

(takes card)

Thank you. You want a fill-up, uh...
(looks at card)

Mrs. Nussbaum?

1ST PUNK

(with thick Spanish
accent)

I'm Mr. Nussbaum...This is my
wife's card.

STEVE

Right!

45 Steve starts to gas car and absentmindedly thumbs through. 45
Master Charge cancellation book, suddenly recognizes that
Mrs. Nussbaum's card was stolen...

STEVE

(incredulously,
mumbles)

Stolen!

Steve bolts to the office.

46 INT. GARAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

46

Steve races in, grabs the phone and dials the police number,
which is tacked above the phone.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

(agitatedly into
phone)

I've got it! Just send a police
car over,...oh?...Mrs. Nussbaum's
card...I've got the guys who stole
it....

SOUND: CAR HORN.

STEVE

(continuing)

They're calling me...Hang on, I'll
be right back.

Steve exits.

47

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

47

Steve comes up to car.

1ST PUNK

Throw a couple of tires in the
trunk and put in on the card.

STEVE

Yessir!

Steve races out.

48

INT. GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

48

Steve runs to phone.

STEVE

(into phone)

I'm back...It's worse than I
thought! They're not only going
to stick us for gas but they're
grabbing tires and everything...
...They're really socking it to
us...It's Hartounian's Gas Station
...at the corner of....

SOUND: CAR HORN

STEVE

(continuing)

Hold on.

(starts out)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE (Cont'd)

(stops; into
phone)Don't worry. I can keep 'em
here...I saw this trick in the
movie...

(runs off)

49 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

49

Steve runs out carrying two new tires.

STEVE

Got your tires.

Steve opens the trunk and throws them in...He then retrieves a heavy chain that has a hook on both ends...He slides under the rear end of the car and hooks it to the axle. Then he slithers across to a church sign planted in front of a small Protestant Church. He then ties the chain around it...We hear a hymn coming from the church. Steve scurries back to the gas pumps.

1ST PUNK

Hey, Pinky! What you doing back
there?

STEVE

(caught)

Uh...

(grabs cans
of oil)

You're low on oil back here.

Just throwing in a few extra cans.

(throws oil cans
in and slams trunk)

Steve puts card into machine and starts writing.

STEVE

(continuing)

Anything else?

1ST PUNK

Yeah! We'll take that money you
got in your pocket.

STEVE

Okay. I'll put that on the card...
(does so)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Steve brings the card around to be signed.

1ST PUNK

Can I come around tomorrow and
sign that?

STEVE

Oh sure...

(looks at bill)

Hey, your bill comes to \$209.53!
Every number different...You won
an oven mitt...Let me go get it.

Steve runs off.

50 INT. CAR - NIGHT

50

1ST PUNK

You guys want to stick around
for an oven mitt?
(start car)

51 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

51

In the background we can see the car.

STEVE

(on phone;
casually)

Whew...I got em...Job well done,
They're hooked...Four guys in a
Buick. They'll be here for a while...
Don't worry, I've rigged it. It's
a blue job...A seventy-three, four
door....

52 EXT. GAS PUMPS - NIGHT

52

The car starts to move out of the station...The chain grows
taut.

53 ANGLE ON LAMP POST

53

The lamp post starts to bend slowly. The lamp post is uprooted
along with the sidewalk and church. You hear strains and groans
of pipes breaking and the foundation being torn away. Sparks
flying from the electric wires that are now broken. The
church begins to roll forward as it is being pulled by the car.

54 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

54

Steve on phone. In the background you see the car towing the
church.

STEVE

...One headlight out...and oh
yeah...it's going South on
Hurtado Street and it's pulling
a sign and a small church...
No...I don't know the license number...
but, if you see a blue Buick
pulling a church on a chain that
would be the one....

**

55 ANGLE ON THE MOVING CHURCH

55

while parishioners are peering out wondering what hath
befallen them.

56 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

56

Steve is sobbing his heart out.

HARRY

(sympathetically)

Steve...believe me, I'm not
mad at you...What did I lose?...
A couple of tires?...

STEVE

(sobbing)

You trusted me...It was my
first Saturday night alone
and I lost...over....two
hundred dollars...of your
money,

HARRY

Look at the bright side...we also
lost a church! I should kiss you.
If you would have told me that I
could get rid of 300 anti-semites
for less than a dollar each I would
have told you you were crazy! Fire
you? I should start you a pension fund.

*

*

STEVE

(overcome)

Gee Mr. Hartounian...

Steve suddenly sees something that dramatically changes his
mood from tears to jubilation.

STEVE (cont'd)

Geeee Mr. Hartounian!

(shouts)

Oh my God!!

Steve races out.

CUT TO;

57

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

57

Steve runs toward a man exiting a phone company van. The man is carrying several new phone books. Steve rushes up and practically tears one of them from the man. He quickly and intensely riffles through it. Suddenly elation! Steve runs towards Harry carrying the thick telephone directory.

STEVE

(shouting)

The new phone book's here!...
The new phone book's here!

HARRY

I envy you...I wish I could
get so excited about nothing.

He holds open the book.

STEVE

Nothing???...Here I am --
page 73. Look at that...
Garthwaite, Steven R. I'm some-
body now. Millions of people look at
this book every day! It's just this
kind of spontaneous publicity, your
name in print, that makes people.

HARRY

There's only one thing that makes
people... (Makes a humping gesture
and sound)

STEVE

You know, when I first came to
this city, I didn't have a job,
I didn't have any money, and now,
just a few months later, I'm in
print! Things are going to start
happening to me now.

CUT TO:

58

INT. INDOOR PISTOL RANGE - CLOSE UP OF TARGET

58

A paper bull's-eye hanging at an indoor range. We hear a shot and a bullet hole appears at the furthest outside edge of the target. Three more shots are fired with no visible effects and a fifth and sixth hit the paper, missing badly.

59

ANGLE ON THE GUNMAN

59

A squat, powerfully built, bushy-haired MADMAN is firing
fiercely, muttering to himself.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MADMAN

Sons of bitches, sons of bitches,
bastards, no-good bastards,
rotten bastards, bitch bastards....

He tries several guns with great concentration but continues to miss the target, cursing all the while. He packs up his guns.

CUT TO:

60 INT. CAR - DAY

60

The MADMAN is driving home.

MADMAN

Bastards, vegetarian bastards.
Die, you Navy bastards....

CUT TO:

61 INT. MADMAN'S HOUSE - DUSK

61

He has several guns laid out in front of him and is installing a silencer on the meanest-looking one. Satisfied, he removes a phone book from a drawer, opens it randomly and points his finger to a name.

62 INSERT - CLOSE UP - PHONE BOOK

62

"GARTHWAITE, STEVEN R., 253 1/8 Elm Street."

63 EXT. VIEW OF STEVE'S APARTMENT THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT

63

Steve emerges from the office and crosses to the pumps while the cross hairs of a telescopic sight waiver erratically around him.

64 CLOSE UP - MADMAN SITTING IN HIS CAR

64

parked across the street peering through the rifle sight.

MADMAN

Bastard, random son-of-a-bitch,
typical run-of-the-mill bastard.

*

65 CLOSE UP - STEVE IN CROSSHAIRS...AT CAR

65

STEVE

(to driver)
Fill'er up?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MADMAN (V.O.)

Gotchya, you average son-of-a-bitch.
Harmless bastard...die!

The back of the driver's head, STANLEY FOX, pops into frame blocking the Madman's view of Steve.

MADMAN (V.O.)

Typical blocking of the view of
a goddmaned average victim
bastard!

NOTE: During following scene, we will intercut the close up's seen in the telescopic sight.

66

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

66

A middle-aged entrepreneur named STANLEY FOX, an enthusiastic man wearing glasses extends his hand.

STAN

Fill'er up, Son, and a little
bit extra! Stan Fox buying
gas....

Steve shakes it, caught up in his enthusiasm.

STEVE

(salutes)

Steve Garthwaite selling it,
Sir...Check the oil Sir?

Steve moves to the hood. The crosshairs follow erratically as Stan moves to Steve blocking the view again.

STAN

Let's check the oil together!

MADMAN (v.o.)

Son of a blocking
bastard!

STEVE

Oil rag at the ready, Sir!

They go to the hood and Steve pulls at the dipstick. Stan's glasses slip off his nose.

STAN

Damn these glasses!

He slides them back up his nose.

STAN (Cont'd)

Hurry, Son, time's a wastin'.
I'm going to the john. Don't
forget to check those tires....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He leans over and the glasses slide again.

STAN (Cont'd)
Damn these glasses, Son....

STEVE
Yes, Sir....
(points to the
glasses)
I damn thee!....

Stan walks away and gets nearly to the bathroom, when an idea occurs to Steve.

STEVE
Sir!

Stan turns.

STEVE (Cont'd)
I can fix those glasses!

STAN
You can? Well, here....

Stan tosses the glasses in the air toward Steve. We do a slow motion shot ala the bone toss in "2001". The music soars. Steve's hand reaches out and grabs them.

67 CLOSE UP - STEVE IN MIDDLE OF CROSSHAIRS 67

MADMAN (V.O.)
Now you die!...You movie going
bastard!

Steve walks out of frame.

MADMAN (V.O.)
Shit!

68 CLOSE UP - SOLDERING IRON 68

and Stan's glasses...A small crude handle is being welded to the center of the glasses

69 ANGLE ON STEVE 69

working on glasses. He looks up and calls.

STEVE
Sir?

Steve exits.

CUTS TO:

70

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

70

Steve enters and comes towards Stan. Steve is now wearing Stan's glasses which have a small crude handle attached to the center.

STEVE

Done!

(demonstrating)

You see, Sir, when you keep taking them on and off, it puts pressure on the hinge. This handle puts the pressure on the frame, where it belongs. Just like the tie-rods on a '72 Buick.

Stan tries them on.

STAN

Well, I'll be!

(does it again)

It works!... This your idea?

STEVE

Aw....it's nothing....

STAN

You know, I make a pretty good living selling shit like this. Tell you what, if I can develop this gizmo, I'll split with you fifty-fifty.

STEVE

Sure!...

STAN

What a night!

He marches outside to his car. Steve follows, so do the cross hairs of the gun sight.

71

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

71

STAN

Well.... I've got a trunkload of shit to sell!... Here's a dix for the gas...keep the change...By the way, how can I reach you, Garthwaite?

STEVE

(proudly)

Oh, I'm in the book!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Stan' drives off leaving Steve vulnerable to the madman.

72 CLOSE-UP - STEVE 72

in cross hairs -- half out of circle.

MADMAN

Dead center! Say your prayers,
Half-Breed!

73 CLOSE - UP OF THE TRIGGER BEING SQUEEZED 73

SOUND: Dim explosion of a silencer.

74 ANGLE ON STEVE 74

standing next to stacked cans of oil. On one of the cans a hole seemingly appears from nowhere. Steve picks it up as oil pours from it. Another can pops a hole.

STEVE

Hey, Harry! Look at this!
What's the matter with these
cans?

All greasy, Harry slides out from under a car.

75 ANGLE ON MADMAN 75

MADMAN

(aiming)
Die, Milk Face!
(he shoots)

76 ANGLE ON STEVE 76

More cans pop holes.

STEVE

These cans are defective!
They're springing leaks!

Harry starts over and as he comes abreast of a gas pump, a bullet shatters the pump's indicator causing it to ring incessantly.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY

(shouts; as he ducks
behind pump)

Run for cover, you're going to
spring a leak!

STEVE

Huh?

HARRY

(shouts)

We don't have defective cans!
We got a defective person out
there! Get out of there!

77. ANGLE ON STEVE

77

Four more cans pop holes. Steve runs to adjacent gas pump
and ducks.

STEVE

He hates these cans. Let's get
away from the cans!

Both run toward service department.

78 ANGLE ON MADMAN

78

Clicks trigger. The gun is empty.

MADMAN

(to gun)

Suck my toes!

He throws the gun down, picks up another without a silencer
and starts shooting.

79 INT. SERVICE DEPARTMENT - STEVE AND HARRY

79

looking for cover.

SOUND: Loud gunshots.

STEVE

There must be cans in here too!
C'mon!

They run to office door. Bullets crash through the office
window.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Cans!!

They both duck behind a metal parts cabinet.

More gunshots.

STEVE

This guy should not be around
cans!

HARRY

He doesn't want to put holes in
the cans! He wants to put holes
in you!

STEVE

Me? Why would...? Oh shit!
Know what it is?...Mr. Walker...
Leonard B. Walker, a Master Charge
yesterday...I forgot to give him
back his gas cap! Cover me! **

Steve crouches down, ready to sprint.

HARRY

You're covered. (Harry shrugs) *

Steve sprints off.

80

ANGLE ON STEVE

80

running to a shelf and grabbing a gas cap.

STEVE

(shouts)

Here it is, Mr. Walker!
(throws it)

Silence...Pause...Then an artillery barrage of gun fire.

HARRY

I don't think it's Mr. Walker!

Steve runs to jacked-up car and releases it with one quick
motion.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

He's after me!

Steve gets into car.

STEVE

(continuing)

You save yourself! I'll distract him!

(whistles)

Shithead, c'mon!

81 The car starts up...Four new tires that were leaning against the rims fall away as the car starts out. Shithead runs down the wooden stairs and heroically leaps into the car as it takes off...The car clanks down the street on its rims, the engine is racing. As the car moves moderately fast: 81

82 ANGLE ON MADMAN 82

He is still firing, but at the last second, he notices Steve has escaped, driving the incapacitated car away from the scene. A conservative driver, the Madman cautiously pulls out into the lane after allowing several cars to pass.

MADMAN

(to himself)

C'mon, lady...You gonna sit there all day or are you gonna move?

83 What follows is a very mild chase, with Steve driving his tireless rims and the madman signalling politely and slowing for every traffic light and stop sign. 83

*

MADMAN

(seeing Steve turn a corner)

There goes that average asshole!
I could get him if this wasn't a
thirty-five mile zone!

84 EXT. CARNIVAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT 84

It's late, the crowds have thinned to zero, and the carnies

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

are tearing down, preparing to move on to the next town. Most of the lights on the midway and rides are out, only worklights shining brightly.

85 ANGLE ON THE ACCESS ROAD

85

Steve's car, about eight lengths ahead of the Madman, pulls into a lot and dies. Steve frantically tries to start his car.

86 ANGLE ON THE MADMAN

86

He swings into a parking lot, only to discover a sign indicating "Authorized Vehicles Only." He takes a shot at Steve, then muttering to himself, circles the lot looking for a legal parking spot.

MADMAN

(seeing the sign)

Bastards. No Good Parking Bastards.
Sons-a-Bitches....

87 ANGLE ON STEVE

87

running for his life, gunfire in the b.g. The first contingent of the carnival is already loaded, so Steve jumps on the tailgate of one of the trucks and crouches there, hiding. Shithead leaps on.

88 ANGLE ON MADMAN

88

He is emptying his weapon at the "Authorized Vehicles Only" sign. Distracted. Angry.

MADMAN

Die you authorized vehicles only!
Die! Die!

89 ANGLE ON THE TRUCK

89

Steve on the tailgate. It slams up by some unseen hand, and the truck starts up and swings off down the road. During Steve's speech we see shots of the truck driving through the night.

STEVE (v.o.)

So Mom, when I told Mr. Hartounian
I'd come back, he said 'Don't be a
Putz! See the world. Me you've

*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE (v.o.) (cont'd)
seen already'...I took his advice and
got a job with C.F. Ferlinger's Traveling
Sideshow and Carnival as a weight guesser.
Frosty, my boss, told me there's a big
future in weight guessing. Enclosed is
fourteen dollars for my loving family.
P.S. Is grandma still farting?...I sure
miss her fried chicken.

CARNIVAL MUSIC UP

90

CARNIVAL - NIGHT

90

Quick shots of Ferlinger's carnival: the midway, freak
shows, food stands, ferris wheel, various rides, and
booths where games of chance still are played.

91

ANGLE - MIDWAY - NIGHT

91

Crowds moving along, establish "GUESS YOUR WEIGHT" sign.
Steve is working the booth. A short obviously overweight
WOMAN is walking away carrying a prize.

*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He walks over to his Mentor, Frosty, a wizened old carnie boss.

STEVE

Frosty, I'm just no good at this...I've already given away 8 pencils, two hula dolls, and an ashtray and we've only taken in fifteen dollars.

FROSTY

We've taken in fifteen dollars and given away fifty cents worth of crap!

STEVE

(tremendous
revelation)

Ahhh!...That clears up a lot of things! So you really didn't hand-pick me for my ability as a weight guesser.

FROSTY

No. Anybody of an intelligence equal to yours can handle this...so you can relax!

Steve walks off.

A large round rube, WADE, saunters up confidently to the booth. He speaks to his date with an Oklahoma accent.

WADE

Hey, Honey, let's see how good this guy is. What is it, a buck?

STEVE

Yes, Sir, it's one dollar.

WADE

Okay. Within three pounds, right?
(hands him
a dollar)
Guess away....

The rube keeps giggling to his girlfriend. Steve does elaborate ritual of feeling his arm, walking around him, trying to lift him.

STEVE

One hundred eighty-three.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Wade steps on scale.

WADE

No, I'm 190...I'll take those Chicklets.

(to wife)

First thing I ever won.

He starts to walk away.

STEVE

Sir, I'm just learning....Let me try
that again -- I'm gonna getcha this time.

WADE

(confused)

What...?

STEVE

If I don't get it...I'll give you
another prize. Uh...one ninety...five?

WADE

Nope! One ninety. Missed again.
(Laughs) I'll take some more Chicklets,
Spearmint.

STEVE

Boy, you're deceptive...Wait, one more
time...Double or nothing.

WADE

Okay...

STEVE

Two twenty!

WADE

(shouts)

Hundred and ninety!

STEVE

Damn you're good.

WADE

Give me them Chicklets.

Steve does so.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WADE

(laughing)

Thought he had himself a rube.

(exits)

An O.S. roar of a motorcycle attracts Steve's attention.
He looks up.

STEVE'S POINT OF VIEW

On a platform elevated above the crowd, he sees a dramatic-looking GIRL standing on the seat of a motorcycle. She is

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

wearing a scanty, and tacky, leather-and-chains Hell's Angels outfit. She is hit by spotlights on three sides. A banner above her announces, "Patty and Her Drome of Death." She flashes a phoney smile to the crowd and does a spectacular stunt that whisks her out of sight. Steve is in awe.

CUT TO

93

MIDWAY - DAY

93

Steve is walking down the midway eating a corn dog. He is attracted to the arena where Patty is practicing. He stops and watches her, fascinated. Patty spots him, roars by, tosses her helmet to him, and does a daring trick. She then skids to a stop in front of Steve and lewdly eyes him up and down.

PATTY

Grr...Wanna guess my weight, Greenie?

Steve stares at her, smiling, and nods a big yes. She is a tough broad named PATTY BERNSTEIN. She's aggressive and a real carny.

STEVE

I saw you last night...You were great!

PATTY

Yeah, right. Turn around. *

Steve does so. She ogles his tush.

PATTY

Turn back. Go like this.
(she makes a humping gesture.)

Steve does it.

PATTY

You're okay. Give me a bite
of that corn dog?

STEVE

What about germs?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PATTY

Put a rubber over it. Get on!

She grabs the dog and takes a bite out of it.

CUT TO

94

INT. PATTY'S TRAILER - DAY

94 *

Her room is a messy bachelor's pad: the bed is unmade, magazines are scattered about, along with beer cans and overflowing ashtrays. Playgirl pin-ups of nude men decorate the walls. Remains of yesterday's breakfast are still on the table.

STEVE

What a great place!...You can tell so much about a person by the way they live!...Just looking around here I can tell that you're a genuinely dirty person.

*

**

PATTY

You know what I'd like to do?
Guess your weight...

STEVE

That would be interesting for me...Nobody ever guessed my weight.

PATTY

Put your arms up.

Steve does and Patty reaches around and grabs his buttocks thrusting his pelvis onto hers.

STEVE

Hey!...You really try to be accurate!...

Patty hefts his ass weighting each cheek seperately.

STEVE

(aroused)

Hey...is it getting hot in here?...
Wait a minute!...

He pushes her away, bends over, and stares at his crotch.

NOTE: Camera is shooting above the waist.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE (CONT'D)

What's happening to my "special purpose"?

Patty puts her arms around Steve from behind him and rubs his chest.

PATTY

What's your "special purpose"?

STEVE

When I was a kid, my mom told me that was my special purpose and someday I'd find out what my special purpose was....

PATTY

Today's the day!....

She shoves Steve onto a ratty bunk, she crosses to the window, pulls a blackout curtain shut and dives onto the bed. Over the obscured writhing figures, we hear:

STEVE (V.O.)

"Dear.Mom...Guess what?...Today I found out what my "special purpose" is for. Gosh, what a great time I had! I wish the whole family could have been here with me....Maybe some other time as I intend to do this a lot...every chance I get. I think next week I'll be able to send more money as I may have extra work...My friend Patty promised me a blow job. Your loving son,....Steve."

95

EXT. CARNIVAL LOT - DAY

95

ESTABLISH early afternoon, carnies setting up the midway, tents and rides. Steve and Patty walking along. Steve licking the paper of his packaged blueberry pie. Patty opening hers -- she snorts, clears her throat and spits an oyster on the midway.

PATTY

They can't even get good freaks anymore. We get a good one, they cure'em. We had an Alligator-skinnded Man who went to the fucking drugstore and bought some cream for six bucks and cured himself....Frosty was real pissed!...He was going to make a wallet out of him...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PATTY (CONT'D)

...And our dog-faced boy left three years ago....He saved his money and owns laundramats in Miami....

STEVE

That's good, isn't it? He really made something of himself.

PATTY

(eating her pie)

It's terrific, for a dog-faced boy.

STEVE

Gee, I wish I'd been a dog-faced boy....

A farmboy passes by. Patty makes a lewd noise under her breath and shakes her hand as if to say "hot-cha." Steve notices this and smiles. Another farmboy passes on Steve's side. Steve makes a lewd noise, shakes his hand and looks at Patty for approval.

96

INT. PATTY'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

96

Patty in her performing clothes...Steve in his weight guessing outfit.

PATTY

Let me freshen your drink.

She pours Tequila into a can of soda Steve is nursing.

STEVE

Uh...thanks. Boy, you really killed 'em tonight.

PATTY

Yeah, good show kinda gets me excited, it gets the juices flowing...if you know what I mean.

STEVE

(aroused)

I think I'm beginning to know what you mean. It's like when your "special purpose" gets real big!

Patty, aroused, suddenly rips Steve's shirt open, looks into his eyes, and pulls him toward her. She pumps her thighs against him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PATTY

Now move a little...Yeah...now
stop....Okay, move again....

STEVE

Aren't you going to kiss me?

97	MONTAGE - CARNIVAL ON TOUR	97
	QUICK CUTS:	
98	-- Steve in various jobs: Loading a truck.	98
99	-- Truck tires rolling.	99
100	-- SIGNS: Pocatello; Grand Junction; Cody; Beaver; White River; Sparks.	100
101	-- Steve setting up wooden booths.	101
102	-- Midway, lights flashing, rides in action.	102
103	-- Steve, confidently working three-card monte with some rubes.	103
104	-- Steve guessing weights of people.	104
105	-- Patty, taking a husky roustabout off to her place, passing Steve who waves cheerfully.	105
106	-- Steve and Patty, in a deserted ferris wheel.	106
107	-- Long shot of the deserted ferris wheel, one gondola rocking wildly.	107

DISSOLVE TO:

108	INT. PATTY'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAWN	108
	Patty and Steve are lying in each other's arms.	

PATTY

Steve, you know what you are?

STEVE

No.

*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PATTY

You're my man. I've spread the word...
It's like we're married... *

STEVE

But we're not married. *

PATTY

We are...Look at my ass.

STEVE

What?

Go ahead. Look.

She turns, revealing something to Steve that we don't see.
Steve stares in amazement, stunned. Several moments pass.

STEVE

Gosh -- you got my last name,
Garthwaite...right there under
G's....

PATTY

It's permanent.

STEVE

Wow! First I get my name in the
phone book and now I'm on your
ass...boy, I'll bet more people
see this!

They snuggle.

PATTY

Hey, since this is our wedding
night, let's do something kinky?

STEVE

I'm ready for anything!

PATTY

Tonight, you get on top!

109

INT. FROSTY'S MOBILE OFFICE

109

Steve is uncrinkling dollar bills which he takes from a large
canvas money bag. During the scene he unfolds the bills and
steam-irons them. Steve then sighs very loudly during which
Frosty looks over the top of his glasses and makes a mark on
the wall next to four other marks.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Frosty, what are those marks?

FROSTY

That's how many times you sighed...
What's the matter kid?

STEVE

I don't know
(sighs)

FROSTY

(marks the wall)
You unhappy here kid?

STEVE

Yeah...I think so...Make another
mark.

Frosty makes a mark, Steve sighs.

STEVE

I'm a people weigher...There must
be more to life than weighing people. *

FROSTY

I've seen this before. You're
ready to move on...I can sense it.
You need a change, don't you?

STEVE

I'm not doing enough here.

FROSTY

I saw it coming...A kid like you
outgrows this penny ante carnival
stuff pretty fast. You need a
horizon....

(to himself)

Frosty, time to push another one
of your birds from the nest.

110

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

CARNIVAL #4

110

ANGLE ON TRAIN WHEELS

We hear a train whistle. Steam escapes from between the wheels. There is a loud chug from the engine. The CAMERA pulls back and reveals Steve perched on the cab of a miniature train ride. Steve is wearing an engineer's costume with a hat that says "Engineer Fred." The train pulls up to the loading platform. All the kids disembark and run to their parents. Steve gets out, checks about the engine, oiling it, etc. He notices a lovely girl, MARIE, standing near the ticket booth. She is looking around frantically. Steve approaches her and leans over the fence. In an attempt to gain her attention, he doffs his cap and makes a train sound.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Whooooo....whoooooo....

MARIE

...Have you seen a five-year-old boy, blond hair...and he's wearing a T-shirt that says "bullshit" on it?

STEVE

No....

Suddenly, there is a gasp from the crowd.

111

ANGLE ON TRAIN

111

It has started up without the engineer! Running the train is a small boy wearing a T-shirt that says "bullshit".

MARIE

Billy!

The train is gaining momentum. The crowd yells, "Save that child."

STEVE

Here, hold this....

He gives her the oilcan.

MARIE

Save him! Please!

STEVE

Better take these, too.

He hands over his wallet and keys. Steve runs after the train and leaps onto the caboose.

112

ANGLE ON CHILD

112

He is having a good time making the train go faster, oblivious to the danger.

113

ANGLE ON STEVE

113

It's a familiar scene, the hero risking his life as he leaps from car to car. About half-way to the cab, he realizes the train is approaching a tunnel. He jumps off, runs around the tunnel and hops back on the train. He makes his way to the cab and pulls the emergency brake as the child shoves an ice cream cone in his face. The train grinds to a halt as

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

the crowd cheers. He picks up the child, holds it up for Marie to see. He leaps off the train and jumps through the roof of a miniature city hall. Extricating himself, he destroys several more houses. He walks over to Marie and hands her the child.

MARIE

(very direct and honest)

Oh, thank you. It would have been so embarrassing to go home without the baby. Here's your keys and your wallet... Oh, and this fell out....

She hands him a prophylactic.

STEVE

Ha!

He jauntily throws it away.

MARIE

Just as well...Girls don't like those colored ones....

STEVE

(mumbles)

Well....

MARIE

Listen, what you did tonight was very brave. Is there any way I could repay you?

STEVE

Repay me? Uh uh - no way I could ever accept anything from a mother for saving her child.

MARIE

He's not my child. I'm just baby-sitting for a friend.

STEVE

Oh well.., then maybe some money...
~~Or I saw a shirt downtown today -~~
a red flannel one...I really like it...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARIE

You're cute.

Marie kisses Steve. She backs up as if to leave.

STEVE

Well, there is one thing.

MARIE

Yes?

STEVE

Well, I thought if you weren't
doing anything tomorrow, I
thought....

Steve gets nervous and mealy-mouthed and the words come
out garbled and unintelligible.

MARIE

What?

STEVE

(again unintelligible)

I thaw maybe yu wan go wi mu....

MARIE

Are you trying to ask me for
a date....?

STEVE

Uh...ya...uh....

MARIE

Once for no, twice for yes.

Steve slaps his foot on the ground twice.

MARIE

Ok. Three-thirty tomorrow over
at the "Round Up".

Steve has lost all his saliva. He nods. Marie leaves
and Steve finally gets out a word. They are about
twenty feet apart.

STEVE

Do you have any boyfriends?

MARIE

Not really.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Are they crazy! If I was a
feller I'd be around all the
time.

MARIE

Well, see if you can work it
out. We have a date tomorrow.

Steve watches as she walks off.

STEVE

(shouts)

What's your name?

MARIE

Marie.

STEVE

I'll tell you mine tomorrow.
It'll give us something inter-
esting to talk about.

114 EXT. "ROUND-UP" - RIDE AREA - DAY

114

Marie dressed for her date with Steve, walks in and looks
at the watch...

115 EXT. MIDWAY - DAY

115

Steve peers out from behind a tent and races to another
one, trying to avoid being seen by Patty. He is carrying
a small, inexpensive bouquet for his date...From nowhere
Patty, on her motorcycle, wearing black leather and helmet,
roars in, zigs in and out and around tents and booths
and screeches to a halt in front of Steve.

PATTY

What's up, Muchacho?

STEVE

(frightened)

For you....

He gives her Marie's flowers. She gets off her cycle.

PATTY

Thanks.

(she stuffs the flowers
in her pocket)

Steve, you know the other day
when I showed you the tattoo?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Yeah yeah....

PATTY

I forgot to tell you something....

STEVE

What?

PATTY

This!

(she proceeds to beat
the living daylights
out of Steve, slapping
slugging and kicking)

That's what's going to happen if I
ever catch you looking at another
broad.

STEVE

I'm glad you told me.

PATTY

And remember I did this without
anger...

(mounts her cycle)

And, I stayed away from your crotch...
(she peels out)

STEVE

(lightly)

Bye, sweetie.

116

EXT. "ROUND-UP" - NIGHT

116

Marie, patiently looking about for Steve.

STEVE

Hi! Right on time! I like that....

Marie turns. Steve is wearing a baseball cap, sunglasses
and a pipe. *

MARIE

(nonplussed)

What's that?

STEVE

Didn't I tell you? This is a Tribute
To Baseball Day at the Carnival. *

He points to the dog. The dog is also wearing a baseball
cap, sunglasses and a pipe.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARIE

What about the pipe?

*

STEVE

(nods)

Tribute to Baseball and Pipe-
Smoking Day.

*

MARIE

And National Sunglasses Day too?

*

STEVE

Yeah, they all fell on the same
day this year.

*

(looking around
nervously)

Hey, it's no fun around here...
Let's go to another state....

MARIE

Why are you so nervous?

STEVE

Nervous, me? HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.
I'm just...hungry. Are you
hungry?

MARIE

I could eat.

They walk.

STEVE

Then let's get something really
good. Did you ever have pizza
in a cup?

He drags her off.

117

INT. STEVE'S TENT - DAY

117

It is sparsely decorated. They are sitting on two
folding chairs, eating their pizza in a cup.

STEVE

This is the best pizza in a cup
you'll get anywhere....

MARIE

Hmmm...it's delicious. It'd go
good with a plate of coffee.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

(very serious)

A plate of coffee? You mean
a cup of coffee, don't you?

MARIE

I was just joking.

STEVE

Oh...what's the joke?

MARIE

(explaining)

Well, pizza doesn't come in
a cup...it comes flat...on a
tray.

STEVE

(grimaces)

Eeeeeech.

MARIE

You didn't know that pizza
comes flat?

STEVE

Well...my knowledge is in dif-
ferent areas. More practical
stuff like I can guess your
weight.

(closes his eyes)

Uh...um...you weigh 105.

MARIE

I weigh 108.

STEVE

108? I'm never off by that much.

MARIE

You probably forgot to figure in
my tits.

STEVE

Oh yeah...I haven't looked there.

MARIE

Why?

STEVE

(shyly looking away)

Oh. I haven't finished with
your face yet.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Marie is moved by his ingenuousness.

MARIE

(looks away, changing
subject, refers to dog)
What's his name?

STEVE

Shithead.

MARIE

What a coincidence. *

STEVE

You had a dog named Shithead? *

MARIE

No, that's what my father called
my Mother. *

STEVE

You have beautiful skin. (Reaches
for her face) May I? *

MARIE

(softly)

Yes.

STEVE

(kneads her face, as he
would dough)

Are you a model?

MARIE

No, I'm a cosmetologist.

STEVE

Wow...that is so impressive...
Unbelievable. It must be tough
to handle the weightlessness....

Marie looks at him quizzically.

STEVE

Can I ask you a personal
question?

MARIE

What is it?

STEVE

Now, be totally honest. When
you're making love to your
boyfriend....

MARIE

Yes....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

What's his name?

MARIE

Well, we haven't made love
yet...But soon I think....

STEVE

(the analyst)

Oh...is that wise? I would
hold off for a long, long
time...How long have you
known this guy?

MARIE

Oh, I've known Rod about
two months.....

STEVE

Rod?

MARIE

Rod Shafter.

STEVE

Rod Shafter? The guy who
sings over at the Ramada Inn?

MARIE

Uh, huh.

STEVE

Boy, he's good.... He must
make a lot of money.

MARIE

Two hundred and fifty dollars
a week.

STEVE

(he is shocked)

What? \$250 a week? No person
on this earth deserves to make
that! No human being is worth
that! He better give a lot to
the poor.

MARIE

Well...he gave me this.

He fingers a chintzy horoscope necklace.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Well, here's a little something
to remember me by....

He thrusts his lips toward hers and gives her the worst
off-center kiss in the history of the movies.

MARIE

Do you have a girlfriend?

STEVE

(cautiously)

Does it matter?

In the distance we hear a motorcycle growling.

MARIE

Well, I'd like to think you
were available.

STEVE

Oh, I'm available....

118

The motorcycle grows louder and closer and Patty drives
through the curtains of the tent in a rage.

118

PATTY

You son of a bitch!

(she revs the
engine loudly)

Did you forget about my
ass?

STEVE

She tattooed my name on
her ass.

MARIE

You've got a tattoo on your
ass?

PATTY

More than one, sister....

STEVE

(to Marie)

She's also got one up here
that says....

(he indicates inside
of his thigh)

"slippery when wet".

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PATTY

It's none of her business.

MARIE

(to Steve)

How do you know that?

PATTY

Let's just say he couldn't miss it.

(to Steve)

What is she? Some great piece of ass?

STEVE

She's no great piece of ass...

(to Marie)

I mean....

On that indignity, Marie gets up to leave.

STEVE

Hey, we're all adults, let's reason this thing out. Now, Marie here is a type of person who....

PATTY

(grim)

If this gash doesn't get her buns out of here, I'm going to drive this bike up her butt.

She starts to dismount her bike.

STEVE

...while Patty tends to be more direct.

PATTY

And as for you, Farm-boy... we're married!

Patty approaches Steve menacingly. The moment she is within range, Marie steps between them and hauls off and decks Patty with one fast punch. Patty sinks to the floor. Steve is dumfounded.

STEVE

Geo, you protected me. You must really like me.

Marie looks at Steve disdainfully, gives him a Bronx cheer, and storms out of the tent.

119 EXT. TENT - NIGHT

119

Marie emerges from the tent, fuming.

*

120 CARNIVAL PARKING AREA - NIGHT

120

Marie is getting into her car. a perky Pinto. Steve is chasing after her. She starts the car and drives slowly.

STEVE

Wait! Wait. wait. wait....!

MARIE

What is it. married man?

STEVE

(laughing it off)

Patty's funny...what a character...We're not married...My ass is clean. You can look...

(opens his belt)

Her name isn't there. It's a one way marriage.

She continues driving.

STEVE

Where are you going?

MARIE

The Ramada. At least Rod isn't married.

She drives off. Steve mutters to himself.

STEVE

Rod Shafter.

CUT TO

121 EXT. MONKEY CAGE - NIGHT

121

Steve is leaning against the cage, talking to an animal keeper.

STEVE

Hey, Tony, you got something that can calm down an elephant?

CUT TO

122 ESTABLISHING SHOT - RAMADA INN LOBBY 122

Steve enters, looks around, heads for a sequined billboard on an easel.

123 ANGLE ON BILLBOARD 123

"Monday is Disco Night in Don Quixotes' Windmill...
Featuring the Hop-lites with Rod Shafter!"

124 ANGLE - STEVE 124

He takes in the information, turns, and we follow him out of the lobby.

125 EXT. RAMADA INN - NIGHT 125

Steve walks along the side of the building to what is a kitchen/backstage entrance. He enters and we...

CUT TO

126 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 126

We are back in the Ramada again. Steve looks up and down the hallway. Some members of the Hop-lites enter the hallway from a dressing room on their way to the stage. They are all white and look it. Steve buttonholes one of them.

STEVE

I'm looking for Rod Shafter.

HOP-LITE

Why, is your sister pregnant,
too? He'll be out in a minute.

He drifts off, leaving Steve more determined than ever. A moment later, a macho Vegas type emerges wearing tight slacks and a for-fitted polyester shirt open to the navel.

STEVE

Rod?

(the man nods)

Hey, good to see you, Man....

Steve extends his hand to shake, Rod is about to do a jive handshake.

ROD

What's happening, Brother...?

STEVE

(holding out a joint)

Want to smoke some joint?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Rod checks the corridor.

ROD

That's very groovy of you,
my man....

He takes a short quick hit and passes out directly, unconscious. Steve watches him hit the floor, then drags him into a closet.

127 INT. DON QUIXOTE LOUNGE - NIGHT

127

The Hop-Lites are finishing a number without their vocalist. The LEAD GUITAR PLAYER takes the mike, the band vamps under. It's showtime.

LEAD GUITAR

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen,
the Ramada Inn takes great pride
in presenting the man who wrote
"Teddy Love,"

(there is a smattering
of applause)

and was one of the original
Blowfish...Here he is, the
President of the United States
of Disco...Rod Shafter!!!

The band hits a chord and Steve appears, hair slicked down, wearing Rod's tuxedo, ready to roll....

128 ANGLE ON STEVE AND LEAD GUITAR

128

LEAD GUITAR

What happened to Rod?

STEVE

He had a terrible accident.

THE BAND

(stoned and
delighted)

All right!

STEVE

(sings)

A-ONE, A-TWO, A ONE TWO THREE,
A-ONE, A-TWO, A ONE TWO THREE
FOUR, A FOUR A THREE, A TWO ONE
THREE FOUR ONE. TWO THREE FOUR
FOUR THREE TWO ONE....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He launches immediately into this phoney Las Vegas lounge song, with lyrics improvised on the spot. The Hop-lites fumble along behind him.

STEVE

And now I'd like to sing,
"Animal Lips." Hit it, Boys.

They play a chord.

STEVE

(sings)

ANIMAL LIPS...Thank you...

(sings)

THERE'S SO MANY KINDS OF
ANIMAL LIPS. THERE'S MOOSE
LIPS AND GOOSE LIPS, AND DOG
LIPS AND LITTLE TINY CAT LIPS.
HORSES HAVE FAT LIPS, WILL YOU
MARRY ME?

CUT TO

129 AUDIENCE - ONE TABLE 129

PATRON

Hey, this guy is good.

130 ANGLE ON MARIE 130

She's hiding her face.

131 STEVE 131

I'm a single guy...not married at all...and there's someone in the audience who's kinda special to me - no, not you sir...

(audience laughs)

...and I'd like to dedicate this song to her....

132 ANGLE ON MARIE 132

Terror.

133 STEVE 133

(sings)

I'M PICKING OUT A THERMOS FOR YOU
NOT AN ORDINARY THERMOS FOR YOU
BUT THE EXTRA BEST THERMOS YOU
CAN BUY

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE (Cont'd)
 WITH VINYL AND STRIPES AND A
 CUP BUILT RIGHT IN,
 OH, I'M PICKING OUT A THERMOS
 FOR YOU...

BAND
 (picking it up)
 FOR YOU, FOR YOU....

STEVE
 AND MAYBE A BAROMETER TOO....

BAND
 FOR YOU, FOR YOU....

STEVE
 WHAT ELSE COULD I BUY, SO ON
 ME YOU'LL RELY,
 A REAR-END THERMOMETER, TOO.

134 ANGLE ON AUDIENCE. 134

They're going wild. Applause, cheering, whistles.

135 ANGLE ON MARIE 135

She is weakening.

136 ANGLE ON STEVE 136

Steve is jumping up for his big finish. He takes a beer
 from someone in the crowd, spilling it all over himself
 as he swigs it. He then checks out the girls in the room.

STEVE
 Let's see, which one do I
 want?
 (points to Marie)
 I'll take that one! Thank you,
 thank you very much. What a
 great audience! And now, it's
 dance time! Hit it, Boys!

They start a dance tune. Steve dances around like crazy,
 off the stage and into the crowd, over to Marie and dances
 her right out of the lounge as the crowd applauds wildly
 and the Hop-lites play inspired disco.

137,138 omit

137,138 omit

139 INT. MARIE'S CAR - NIGHT

139

Steve and Marie are kissing tenderly in the car. They separate.

STEVE

Well, where should we go?

MARIE

Oh...I guess we may as well go to my apartment.

STEVE

Fine, would you excuse me for about two minutes?

MARIE

Sure.

This next sequence is very fast (not fast motion, but very fast)

140	1 -- Steve runs into the lobby of the Ramada	140
141	2 -- Steve rents a room	141
142	2a - Steve buys toilet articles	142
143	3 -- Steve is inside the room taking off his clothes	143
144	4 -- Steve in the shower	144
145	5 -- Steve drying his hair with a towel	145
146	6 -- Steve putting on his clothes	146

CONTINUED

147 ANGLE CAR

147

Steve slowly, casually opens the door and slides in behind the wheel.

MARIE

Mmm - you smell cheap.

148 INT. MARIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

148

Steve and Marie are locked in an embrace, about to kiss... one of Steve's hands is on Marie's buttocks, the other on her back.

MARIE

This is wrong.

Steve quickly switches hands.

STEVE

How's this?

MARIE

Almost perfect.

STEVE

You're a virgin, aren't you?

Marie responds with the only possible answer.

MARIE

Oh, yes.

They fall into bed.

DISSOLVE TO

149 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

149

Marie and Steve are having a cook-out by themselves on the beach. They are in jovial spirits, and are singing "Tonight You Belong to Me", Steve on the ukelele. Lyrics to come. As Steve plays a musical break, Marie reaches into her beach bag and pulls out a shiny brass trumpet and proceeds to play it beautifully...they finish the song.

A man walks by, applauding.

MAN

That was great, kids....

MARIE

Oh, thinks, Mr. Dernham.

He walks on.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Do you know him?

MARIE

No, that was Blaine Dernham.

STEVE

It was not....

MARIE

Yes, it was.

STEVE

No...In those ripped jeans and
those sneakers? Blaine Dernham,
no way.

MARIE

A lot of movie stars live around
here.

STEVE

Who?

MARIE

Dell Melman.

STEVE

Dell Melman?

MARIE

And you know who else lives
here? Gern Blanston.

STEVE

Are you telling me that Blaine
Dernham, Dell Melman and Gern
Blanston live right here?

MARIE

Sure, they all have big fancy
beach houses down here.

STEVE

Hey, that gives me an idea.
Why don't I be rich? Why
didn't I think of this before?
(laughs)

MARIE

(kidding)

What a good idea.

STEVE

Instead of being poor and un-
happy, I'll be rich and happy!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Let's get started...there's
money to be made!

(Steve starts running
around the beach aim-
lessly and then races
into the water)

STEVE

(splashing around)

This ocean will be ours. I can
buy you anything - diamonds,
cars, yachts, your own space-
ship...And I'll buy me...

(disappears underwater,
reappears)

...swimming lessons!

(shouts)

Help!! Help!!

150 INT. MARIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

150

Steve is staring at the ceiling. Marie is dozing next
to him. Steve turns toward Marie, rises on his elbow
and stares down at the lovely face that is lit by a
shaft of moonlight.

STEVE

(softly)

Marie, are you awake?

(no answer)

Good. You look so beautiful
and peaceful...you almost
look dead. And I'm glad because
I want to say something that has
always been very hard for
me to say - Rubber Baby
Buggy Bumpers. Rubber Baby
Buggy Bumpers. Rubber Baby
Bumpers. I've never been
relaxed enough around people
to be able to say that...You
give me the confidence in my-
self...and thank you for saving
me from drowning. There's only
one way I can repay you for that
mouth to mouth resuscitation.

Steve clamps Marie's nose with his thumb and forefinger,
opens her mouth, puts his mouth over her and breathes
deeply.

151 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

151

Steve is luxuriating in a bubble bath...the water is running....

STEVE

(singing)

SWEETHEART, SWEETHEART, etc.

(lyrics to come)

We hear Marie V.O. from the bedroom, singing with him.

STEVE

Honey, who's the happiest guy
in the world?

152 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

152

Marie, dressed, is sitting at a desk writing. Shithead is lying on the bed.

MARIE

You are.

153 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

153

STEVE

That's right. And who's the
happiest gal?

154 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

154

Marie turns, her eyes brimming with tears. She opens her mouth to answer but can't...In her hand is a letter she is in the process of folding.

STEVE (V.O.)

That's right!

(sings)

I'M PICKING OUT A THERMOS
FOR YOU...

Marie puts the letter in an envelope, slides it under the bathroom door...picks up a packed valise, stops for a moment to look at the bathroom, then turns and leaves quietly, as Steve continues singing.

155 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

155

STEVE

(singing)

"...AND A CUP BUILT RIGHT IN"

(speaks)

Honey, there's a question I'd
like to pop but I've been

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE (ont'd)
 afraid...that you might say
 no...But this seems like the
 right time and place...so
 here goes!

(he leans back
 and starts to drown)

Help! Help!

(he thrashes about
 for a moment and
 finally sputters)

I'm alright, I'm alright...

Honey, do you...do you think
 someday you might marry me?

156 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

156

Shithead at open front door, growls.

157 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

157

STEVE

(splashes happily)

Yahoo! C'mon in here and
 let's seal it with a kiss...
 Get in the tub with me!...This
 only happens once in a lifetime.
 C'mon Honey, into the tub!

Shithead comes dashing into the room and leaps into the tub.

STEVE

(sweetly)

Not you, Shithead. Where's
 Marie?

SHITHEAD

(Barks)

STEVE

What letter?

(Steve sees the letter
 lying in a puddle of
 water. He opens it and
 reads silently)

Oh no!!!

158 Insert: The letter is a runny blur. Only 'Dear Steve'
 and intermittent words are legible.

158

STEVE

(reads the blurry letters
 in blurry double talk)

Dear Steve....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

159 Steve gets out of tub, shielding his private parts by holding Shithead in front of him. 159

STEVE

(shouts)

Marie!

He races out.

160 EXT. MARIE'S STREET - DAY 160

Steve, naked, holding Shithead in front of him, spots a stray dog.

STEVE

(whistles)

C'mon boy!

(he picks up dog,
covers his behind
with him and runs
down the street,
shouting)

Marie! Marie! Why did you
leave me? I couldn't read the
letter...it was too blurry!!!

161 EXT. MIDWAY - DAY 161

Steve is standing in front of a fast-spinning thrill ride like the Round-up. HUSKY is running it. It's early in the day and there're only a few people on the midway and on the ride.

HUSKY

You want what?

STEVE

I just need someplace where I
can think.

162 ANGLE ON THE ROUND-UP 162

Steve is alone in a reflective mood, spinning wildly. Intercut several shots of passengers getting on and off the ride. Husky, each time, checks to see if Steve wishes to disembark...eachtime Steve shakes his head no....

163 EXT. MIDWAY - DAY 163

ANGLE ON FROSTY

He watches Steve spin.

FROSTY

(to Husky)

What time did he start?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HUSKY

Ten o'clock.

FROSTY

(checks his watch)

Six hours....He really has it
bad for her. It took Burton
four hours up there to forget
Taylor....

164 ANGLE ON ROUND-UP

164

It slows to a halt.

HUSKY

(amazed)

He wants off...

(calls)

Baldo, Iggy, peel him off!

Baldo and Iggy go to fetch Steve. They are a pair of not-too-bright 'carnies' who have been standing with a group of other slow witted carnival workers.

165 ANGLE ON STEVE

165

as Baldo and Iggy carry him off and set him in front of Frosty and the group. Steve is a wreck. His hair standing out like a porcupine. His face is dirty and covered with perspiration. All the bizarre looking carnies are staring at him.

STEVE

(with raging
emotion)

What are you looking at? Haven't
you ever seen a man so broken
hearted that he had to spin? Go
ahead and look!...and what you'll
see is a man who went through every
emotion up there...from anger to...
to...What's another emotion?

BALDO

Fear?

STEVE

No.

IGGY

Hate?

STEVE

(shouts)

Hate!...Oh do I hate!...And
I went through...uh...uh...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HUSKY

Hunger?

DOODLES

Hunger ain't an emotion.

HUSKY

Is love one?

STEVE

Yes love!...I went from anger to
hate to love...to...to...uh....

SLATS

(real dumb looking
guy)

Ennui?.....

ALL

Yeah ennui?...How about ennui?...
What about pride?...Or prejudice?...
Sloth?...Adultery?...

STEVE

Wait a minute...Wait a minute!
All I know is...She's right for
leaving me. Why should she marry
me? What have I accomplished?
Would you marry me Baldo?

Baldo thinks for a moment.

STEVE

A man who couldn't buy you a
Sunday dress?

Baldo continues thinking.

STEVE

(pulls out letter)

I don't have to know what this
letter says...I've got to make
me worthy of her...Look at me!
A man whose only income comes
from guessing weights and making
cotton candy. Iggy, would you want
to make love to me?

IGGY

No.

STEVE

Well, I'm going to make some-
thing of myself.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

IGGY

Well, maybe then....

STEVE

Right now, I'm nothing.
I'm a fly speck...a...a
gnat...a...a....

IGGY

A stink bug.

STEVE

Yeah....

SLATS

A pimple on a piece of shit.

STEVE

Yeah, yeah. Hit me!

HUSKY

A goat dingleberry.

BALDO

A poo-poo face.

IGGY

A scum bag!

STEVE

Okay...I accept it all...I'm
all of those things...and
more.

BALDO

A fungus fart?

STEVE

Yes! She's sensitive...
She could see those qualities
in me...that's why she left.
But I'm going to change. How?

IGGY

Read more.

SLATS

Become a more interesting person. *

BALDO

Get rid of unwanted hair forever? *

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HUSKY

Learn basic hygiene.

STEVE

No, no, I'm going to make
something of myself. None
of you can help me. I've
got to do it alone!

166

EXT. CARNIVAL ROAD - DAY

166

Steve, bag packed, leans forlornly up against the fence.
Next to him sits his dog, panting at Steve.

STEVE

(to the dog)

This is not going to be easy,
Shithead. We've been together
a long time. But I've got to
head on down that road.

(tears well up
in Steve's eyes)

...and there'll be times out
there when there won't be
enough food for two. And I
won't be able to take care of
you the way you should be.
Now go on...go away!

The dog takes off like a rocket.

STEVE

Hey, wait a second!

The dog comes back. Steve goes back into his weeping.

STEVE

You'll find a family who will
give you a real home, with
other dogs to play with.
Now go on....

The dog shoots off again.

STEVE

Come back here!

The dog stops, then trots back to Steve.

STEVE

...with loving little kids
and a warm fireplace. I never
liked you anyway. Now beat it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

This time, as the dog starts to bound away, Steve leaps on him.

STEVE

Ok, Little Fella, I can't stand it. You can come with me.

He snaps a leash on Shithead.

167 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

167

Steve is dragging the dog by the leash.

STEVE (V.O.)

You'd like her Ma...She's so white, she's gone beyond white almost to black. She's worth every pain I'll have to go through...And so Mom, with my faithful dog leading the way...I'm out to become the man she desires. I'm only going to take jobs that lead somewhere big. Your loving son, Steve.

*

168 EXT. PARK - DAY

168

Steve, dangling upside-down from a rope connected to a tree in the middle of nowhere, playing the violin. A passerby stops and reads the sign setting in the fiddle case.

169 INSERT: Sign: "Please give...serious student needs violin lessons."

169

170 The passerby's hand reaches in and takes a quarter from the case.

170

171 omitted

*
171 omitted

172 INT. BENIHANA-TYPE RESTAURANT

172

Steve approaches a large grill around which are seated half a dozen elegant diners. He is dressed in an apron and chef's toque and is carrying a basket of uncooked shrimp and vegetables. He takes out two knives, sharpens them and begins his work.

173 CLOSE UP OF STEVE'S HANDS

173

Steve's lightning hands dissect the shrimp flawlessly. Mushrooms are cut and sliced with great skill. Sprouts, carrots, peppers, onions; all masterfully chopped and cooked. His hands are now moving with such speed, they become a blur. He finishes with a flourish.

174 ANGLE ON STEVE

174

He smiles and bows.

175 ANGLE ON THE TABLE AND CUSTOMERS

175

There is no food on the diners' plates. It is all on their bodies and faces. They are covered with layers upon layers of food. Huge piles are splattered all over everyone. A customer has one of Steve's knives embedded in the wall behind him.

176 INT. STEVE'S SLUM APARTMENT - MORNING

177

Steve is asleep in bed, the want ads open beside him. We hear a car start up in the garage directly below him. The noise, vibration and fumes wake him up. Blue smoke drifts up through the floor. Steve wakes, checks the clock, and reacts.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Oh, no, I missed my interview.

(he yells out
the window)Mr. Hutchins! What
happened?

MR. HUTCHINS (O.S.)

Overslept!

STEVE

Mr. Hutchins...! This room
is supposed to fill up with
fumes at nine a.m. and it's
now nine-thirty!

MR. HUTCHINS

Well, Excu-u-u-use me!

CUT TO:

177 INT. STEVE'S SLUM APARTMENT - MORNING

*
177178 He is writing a letter home. In the background, out the
window, we see a dark sedan driven by the madman, come
into view. The madman, using binoculars, spies on Steve
as he writes.

178

179 STEVE (V.O.)

179

"Dear Mom, sorry today's letter
is a little late but Mr. Hutch-
ins overslept. I haven't heard
from Marie. Things couldn't be
worse. I can only send you
forty-nine cents this week as
I've lost all my jobs. I've
been eating well, though. The
hospital gives out free meals of
orange juice and cookies and all
I have to do is give them a pint
of blood. I ate there all week
three times a day. I decided
to quit when I cut myself shaving
and air came out. My rent is due,
and it turns out Shithead is
allergic to commercial dog food.
About the only thing he can eat
is medallions of white veal sau-
teed in butter with shallots, fin-
ished with white wine and lemon
slices. However, I'm still your
son, and I haven't forgotten your
motherly wisdom. I will never use

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE (Cont'd)
 an herbal shampoo without
 using a non-alkaline condi-
 tioner.

Your loving son, Steve."

180 He gets up with Shithead by his side, removes a plate of
 lemon veal warming in the oven, and serves it French style
 --flambeau--to the dog. Steve glances out the window and
 sees the Madman. The occupant of the car gets out, pats 180
 the inside of his coat, and advances toward the apartment.
 Steve looks alarmed; his eyes zoom in on the Missouri plates.

181, 182 Omitted

*
 181,
 182--
 Omitted

He panics. It's the Madman.

STEVE
 Shithead! Attack! Attack!

The dog attacks Steve.

STEVE
 No!!

Steve looks out the window in fear. He bolts from the door,
 knocking down his pursuer.

MADMAN
 You son of a bitch!

And he scrambles to his feet and sets off in hot pursuit.

183 EXT. BLIND ALLEY - NIGHT

183

Steve enters, running, out of breath, exhausted. He crouches
 by a steel door and quietly tests the handle. It's locked.
 From O.S. we can hear the cautiously approaching footsteps
 of the pursuer. They slow down as they reach the alley.
 Steve is too exhausted to move another step. Besides,
 he's trapped.

MADMAN
 Garthwaite?

He turns the corner and starts walking towards the terrified
 Steve.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Shit. Why me? Why now?
Just when I decided on a
hairstyle.

(pats head)

Full here, and low in the
back.

MADMAN

Steve Garthwaite?

His hand disappears inside his coat.

STEVE

(sings)

Whenever I feel afraid....

The Madman looming overhead, hand in his coat as if to
draw a weapon. The hand emerges, holding an envelope.

MADMAN

You'll have to sign for this.

STEVE

I have to sign before you
shoot me?

(Steve signs)

MADMAN

I'm not going to shoot you.
That was the old me...I was
mixed up at the time. I had
a bad marriage and iron de-
ficiency anemia...I'm okay
now. I'm a private detective.
S'long.

Madman walks away, back into the night, whistling a happy
tune. Steve opens letter...reads.

184

INSERT: The Letter

184

A simple, enigmatic letterhead: "The Berendo Corporation,
1 Berendo Square, New York, New York." That's it, except
for a handwritten note, barely legible.

STEVE (O.S.)

(reading note)

"Dear Mr. Garthwaite: Please
call on me in Suite 2650 at
the Century Plaza Tower in
Los Angeles. I have something
of great importance to impart
to you."

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The signature is an unreadable scrawl.

CUT TO:

185 INT. CENTURY PLAZA TOWER - DAY

185

It's the twenty-sixth floor. The elevator doors open and a very hesitant Steve, dressed in a shabby jacket and tie, clutching the crumpled message, starts down the hall to suite 2650. He gets to the door and opens it with trepidation.

186 INT. SUITE - DAY

186

A tasteful anteroom looking out over Los Angeles. The door was opened by a fashionable MALE SECRETARY. Wall Street Journals and New York Times on the coffee table, an elegant coffee service on one side.

187 Omit

*187,
Omit

188 Omit

*188,
Omit

189 Omit

*189,
Omit

190 Omit

*190,
Omit

191 Omit

*191,
Omit

SECRETARY

Mr. Garthwaite?

Steve looks at other man, checking to see if he's Garthwaite...decides that he's the one they want - he gets up and goes into office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A vaguely familiar man comes out from behind a desk, dressed very well, wearing glasses with a little handle in the center. He's different from the last time we saw him, a better haircut and a very hearty laugh. He roars at Steve for a long time. It's STANLEY FOX, the entrepreneur, formerly of Fox Enterprises.

FOX

Remember me?

STEVE

No, but don't feel bad.

FOX

Fox. Stanley Fox. Remember, the gas station. The glasses handle. Look--

He shows him the professional, finished model on his reading glasses.

STEVE

Oh, yeah...the glasses handle.

FOX

We call it Opti-Grab. Boy, you are one hard guy to find. ...Listen, I got some distribution, and we're in business. Fifty-fifty, just like we said. I even got an initial check for you for Two Fifty.

A broad grin crosses Steve's face.

STEVE

Two Fifty? That's what Rod Shafter makes.

FOX

That's just the beginning. This thing is gonna be big, and you're gonna make a lot more than that. Ten times that in the first year, I figure.

STEVE

Wow. Can I cash this?

FOX

It's your money -- you can do anything you want. It's a

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FOX (Cont'd)
cashier's check.

STEVE
That's great. I can use
this.

SECRETARY
(discreetly
interrupting)
You have an eleven-thirty
with Mr. Gimbel.

FOX
Steve, Baby, I gotta run.
Send me your permanent
address so I can get the
contracts to you without
hiring a private detective.

STEVE
(overwhelmed)
Thank you.

Fox is already on his way out.

FOX
Don't thank me. You earned
it. It's your idea, Son.
From here on, it's nothing
but up! Don't let that
money turn your head around.

He's gone.

STEVE
(shouts)
Don't worry, my head is on
straight.

193 INT. BANK - DAY

193

Steve walks in and goes directly to one of the assistant
managers, MR. COFFER. A narrow-minded bank manager who
is wearing an optigrab.

STEVE
Sir.

Coffer takes a long time to finish some paperwork, then
looks up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

What's that on your glasses?

COFFER

Keeps the pressure off the stems. Can I help you?

STEVE

(suavely)

I have a cashier's check here...I'd like to cash it.

COFFER

How much is it for?

STEVE

Two Hundred and Fifty 'Samoans'.

Steve removes the check from the envelope and, without looking, lays it on the desk.

194 INSERT - THE CHECK 194

It is for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

195 ANGLE ON COFFER AND STEVE 195

Coffer picks up the check as if it were contaminated and examines it. He looks twice.

COFFER

Is this a joke?

STEVE

No.

COFFER

You want to cash this?

STEVE

Well, I could take fifty dollars and deposit the rest.

COFFER

(warming up)

Sit right down, Mr. Garthwaite.

Steve feels he's won the Bank of America over with his two hundred dollar deposit.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

COFFER

I'll need two pieces of identification and I'll have to call the issuing bank.

STEVE

(searches in his battered wallet)

I have a temporary driver's license and my astronaut application card.

Coffer pokes the cards around with his finger, unwilling to even pick them up.

STEVE

Oh, and here's my old 4-H membership...it's expired, though...I gotta renew it.

Coffer takes the I.D. and the check and goes straight to the biggest desk in the bank. As Steve watches, a top management meeting takes place with lots of looks in his direction. Steve waves, nods and smiles. One of them, on the phone, nods approval and scribbles something on the check.

COFFER

Everything's in order. Would you like some coffee?

STEVE

No, I've got a very important bus to catch.

COFFER

Well, that certainly is economical. I guess if we watch our pennies, the dollars take care of themselves. Now, would you endorse this?

He slides the check face-down to Steve, who signs it. Coffer initials the endorsement.

COFFER

...And fill out this deposit slip.

He takes pen in hand and turning the check over, routinely starts copying the info. Steve gradually notices the magnitude of the check. We see only the barest change of expression. Steve looks up and slowly his head makes a 360 degree

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

turn and clicks back into place. His face is euphoric.

NOTE: Steve prefers that he not be required to do this without special effects.

197

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - DAY

197

Harry is reading a post card while his wife LENORE stands by. He is wearing an Opti-Grab.

STEVE (V.O.)

Dear Harry: Guess what? I'm rich beyond my wildest dreams. But I haven't forgotten our deal. Here's that postcard I promised you. I bet you thought you'd never get it, huh? Your friend, forever, Steve.

HARRY

(to Lenore)

This boy has integrity. He promised me a postcard. He sent me a postcard. And that's why this little postcard will always have a special place...

(taps his heart)

in my heart attack.

198

EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

198

Steve parks his new pink Mustang in front of his shabby spartment. He springs out, resplendent in a new Tyrolean hat with a long feather, a floor-length, white scarf, and sunglasses. He opens the trunk, the white scarf dragging in the mud, and removes two velvet paintings, a clown and a nude, and a big table lamp. Folded up in his coat pocket is a newspaper. The headline of a small feature article is visible: "YOUNG INVENTOR STRIKES IT RICH."

199

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - FAY

199

The phone rings. Steve enters, carrying his paintings and lamp. He is startled. He has never received a real phone call before. He goes to the window.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

(yelling for
all to hear)

See! You get a phone call!
...Yello ...Who?...Mrs. Kimball...You're Marie's mom!
You read about me?...No, I don't know where Marie is...
I've been trying to contact her. Yes, I would love to know! Wait, I'll get a pencil.

He hangs up the phone. While he collects a pencil and paper, it rings again. He answers.

STEVE

The May Company in Los Angeles...I'd be glad to...what's the message
"I decided not to kill myself if you marry that carnival bum Steve Garvewaite." I'll give it to her...Bye, Mrs. Kimball.

(to Shithead)

Shithead, I know where she is. Now I can find out why she left me...plus I can deliver this message from her mom about this carnival bum Steve Garvewaite -- wait a minute...Shithead, she didn't mean Garvewaite... she meant Garthwaite, me! So that's it! So that's why she wouldn't marry me! She didn't want her mother's blood on her hands.

200 EXT. MAY COMPANY - DAY

200

Steve enters....

201 INT. MAY COMPANY - COSMETIC DEPARTMENT - DAY

201

Steve goes up to a female employee.

STEVE

Does Marie Kimball work here?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FEMALE CLERK

Oh, she's in men's make-up.
Second floor....

STEVE

(winces)

Men's make-up? Ugh.

202

INT. MEN'S MAKE-UP DEPARTMENT - DAY

202

A small crowd is watching Marie demonstrate. She has just applied a blue facial mask to a short, elderly gent, IRVING. His wife TILLIE is watching. Irving is wearing a shower cap and a smock. Steve enters and stops short at the sight of Marie.

MARIE

...And when we peel this off,
he'll look twenty years younger.

TILLIE

(looks heavenward)

Allevei.

(Yiddish for 'let
it be so')

MARIE

We'll let this dry and in the
meantime, Madame, we can pick
out the eye shadow and lip tint
for him.

We follow them to another counter.

MARIE

I think with your husband's
coloring, the Macho Pink would
bring out his lips...and the
Nature Beige will feature his
eyes wonderfully.

TILLIE

Let's try everything.

203

ANGLE ON STEVE

203

Steve peers out from behind a display of facial mask jars,
smiles, and ducks mischievously out of frame.

CONTINUED

ANGLE ON IRVING

Sitting stoically. He hears something from below counter.
He looks down.

IRVING
(mumbles incoherently
through mask)

What?

A hand comes into frame waving a hundred dollar bill.

204

ANGLE ON MARIE AND TILLIE

204

At another counter. A men's wig display.

MARIE
(holding a long
blond wavy wig)
You don't have to make your
decision now but just think
about this color for Irving.
It'll give him height.
(checks watch)
Ah, let's go unmask your
husband.

They cross to Irving, who has been replaced by Steve, who
is now wearing a blue mask, cap and smock.

MARIE
I am now going to peel off
our Wonder Mask.
(she starts)
Irving's skin will be tighter,
firmer and he'll look like a
different man...you'll be amazed.

She pulls off the mask and reveals Steve, smiling devilishly.

MARIE
(looks at Steve,
then at mask - amazed)
Jeez, this shit really works!

STEVE
(stands, grabs her)
Remember this?
(gives her an off
center kiss)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARIE

(takes his face in
her hands, looks at
him with passion)

My darling, darling....

(kisses Steve
tenderly)

TILLIE

(shouting)

You Blondie! Leave my Irving
alone!

(starts hitting
Marie with her
pocketbook)

Irving!

(wallops Irving)

What are you doing! You'll
get another bladder attack...
Stop! She'll suck out your
temporary fillings! That Blondie!

Steve and Marie continued kissing. Tillie continues
pummeling them.

STEVE (V.O. THE
ABOVE SCENE)

"Dear Mom, here's this month's
check: twenty thousand dollars.
Things are beginning to look up.
But the big news is, Marie and
I were married! We couldn't
wait. We decided to get married
that night. Luckily, we found a
certified priest at the 'Holly-
wood View Apartments' who could
marry us.

205 INT. DARK HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

205

C.U. of crossed human bones being held by black voo-doo
dancer. He dances back, revealing Steve and Marie,
dressed in formal wedding outfits. They stand in the
midst of a combination voo-doo, Haitian ritual. There
are firepots, graven images, native dancers rattling
bones. Tom-toms thump and the voo-doo dancer wearing
a mask leaps in front of them and plunges a knife into
a three-foot human doll. The music stops abruptly.

VOO-DOO DANCER

You may kiss the bride.

Steve and Marie kiss.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE (V.O. CONTINUING
THE LETTER)

"We were both glad we had a religious wedding. Anyway, you'll be glad to know that money hasn't changed our lives that much. Our one little extravagance is a live-in butler and housekeeper.

206 INT. GARAGE APT. - DAY

206

ANGLE ON HOBART AND HESTER

an English butler and maid, are asleep in a single bed. Steve and Marie are tippy-toeing around the kitchen setting up breakfast so as not to wake the help.

STEVE

(in kitchen
whispers)

Do you want toast?

MARIE

(whispers)

No, the toaster has a bell on it...it might wake them....

Steve brings two slices of white bread to table.

*

MARIE

Boy, we all slept late today.

STEVE

I think they were making love last night.

SOUND: CHEAP CHIME DOORBELL

Steve jumps and opens door.

*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAILMAN

(wearing an opt-grab,
loud and cheerful)

Good morning!...

STEVE

Shhhhhh!....

HOBART

(grumpily with a very English accent)

No good to shush him now...we're
wide awake.

MARIE

We're sorry.

HESTER

(grouchily)

Not as sorry as you're going
to be if it ever happens again.

They continue grumbling as they put their robes on.

MAILMAN

Registered letter, sign here.

Steve signs.

STEVE

Thank you.

Mailman exits.

MARIE

What is it?

STEVE

(awestruck)

Another check!

HOBART

Let me see that!

(takes it)

Sir, it would seem that with this
kind of income, you would buy a
bigger home. Hester and I could
then have our own quarters so we
won't be self concious when we fuck!

207 EXT. SMALL COTTAGE DAY

207

Steve, Marie, Hobart, Hester and a real estate agent exiting
cottage.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HESTER

(very politely)

Sir, if I may venture an opinion...I believe that you and Mrs. Garthwaite will find this house more than adequate and will be very happy here.

HOBART

(sweetly)

Especially when you consider that it comes with detached servant's quarters.

208 He gestures. We pan to a spectacular mansion on the estate. 208

STEVE

(quietly analytical)

You know, may I say something here...

(gestures with
forefinger)

...Now I may be wrong....

MARIE

Oh no, I don't think you're going to be wrong...because when you do this...

(impersonates his
gesture)

You're never wrong....

STEVE

(still gesturing)

Well, that's good.

(macho attitude)

We'll take the goddamned servant's quarters!

(gestures)

Camera pans to an adjacent mansion on a rolling hill.

209 EXT. MANSION - DAY 209

C.U. of SID SPECTOR, a handsome graceful, gay realtor.

SID

Mrs. Garthwaite, Steve...

(his hand comes forward in a stop gesture)

Stop!...When you buy a home from Sid Spector, you're not buying a home...You're buying a key...

(shows gold key)

...a key to a new life.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SID (Cont'd)

There's nothing for you to
 contribute...Spector has
 done it all. There are
 sheets on the bed, a roast
 in the oven and people in
 the party room. Well, here's
 where I end and you begin...
 Alice, welcome to Wonderland.
 (he throws open
 the door)

Ciao!

210

The camera moves into the house showing us Steve and Marie's P.O.V. What we see is a garish, modern, totally original, unliveable example of a house done by a decorator who wanted to outdo his former partner who won the Bad Taste Award of 1978. The camera goes through the foyer, the halls, all the rooms, pausing to register the best of the weird such as...A mammoth canvas in the entrance hall depicting violence, death and perversion, chairs and sofa in impractical shapes and fabrics -- and many other assorted monstrosities. In the kitchen we see the roast cooking. IN the dining room, we see the table set for dinner, candles lit...A door slides open and reveals a dark disco room, with flashing lights, loud music and dozens of dancing guests -- they wave at camera.

210

STEVE (V.O.)

(meekly)

Hellooo!

MARIE (V.O.)

Hi!

The camera moves up a stairway, passing more hideousness, into the master bedroom.

211

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

211

A floral pattern print is repeated everywhere, the walls, the bedspread, drapes, lamps ottomans and everything else. The camera moves to discover Steve and Marie wearing the squarest clothes, gaping. They are in awe of their new home. Steve is holding an open box of cracker jacks ... Marie is carrying a plastic purse.

STEVE

I can't believe this. It's
 amazing.

MARIE

It's really us.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Yes! he's really captured our personalities. He's a genius.

MARIE

His wife must be so proud of him!

STEVE

(takes Marie in his arms)

This is perfect. All it needs now is a little feminine touch.
(they kiss)

MARIE

Mmmm...this room gives me ideas.

STEVE

I know what you mean...Wanna play a little baseball?

MARIE

(sensuously)

I'd love to.

212 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

212

Angle on bathroom door -- Steve comes through wearing a handsome robe. He picks up a pipe and a drink and casually stretches out on the bed.

213 ANGLE TO INCLUDE WINDOW

213

A baseball crashes through the window and lands on the bed. Steve picks up the ball...He is furious. He races to the window.

STEVE

(shouts)

What the hell's going on out there?

SOUND - DOORBELL

Steve throws the ball on the bed and exits, drink in hand.

214 INT. FRONT DOOR OF MANSION - DAY

214

Steve opens the door. It is Marie, holding a bat and over-size glove. She is wearing a tight shirt and cut off jeans, her baseball cap askew.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARIE

(little girl's
voice)Mister, can I have my ball
back?

STEVE

Sure, Punkin! It's upstairs
in my bedroom.(he takes her hands
and they go upstairs)

What's your name?

MARIE

(baby-talk voice)

I don't know....

STEVE (V.O.)

Dear Mom...Marie and I are
getting along swell. But
life is hectic....

215

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

215

STEVE (V.O.) (Cont'd)

(at a weird desk,
signing things)What with signing checks,
learning about credits and
debentures, certificates
of deposits...you have to
be careful...Poor Hobart.

Steve looks toward window.

216

EXT. HOBART'S COTTAGE - DAY

216

Steve P.O.V. -- Hester, blindfolded is tied to a stake...
Bank security guards fire at Hester...Her head slumps to
her chest...Hobart shakes his head sadly.

STEVE (V.O.)

His dear wife, Hester had to
pay a substantial penalty for
early withdrawal. Enclosed is
this week's check.. Your loving
son, Steve.Hobart comes in with a tray of assorted mixed exotic drinks
from which Steve selects one.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Sorry about your wife, Hobart.

HOBART

Federal regulations, Sir...Oh dear me, I almost forgot your wife bought you a new gold chain. I suppose I'm still not over Hester's death.

STEVE

(adds chain to his growing collection)
These things take time....

HOBART

(lightly)
So I'm told...Oh, some charity people are here to see you sir.

STEVE

Oh, no, send them away! There're a lot more people more deserving than I...I couldn't take charity. Not now...with all this....

HOBART

No sir, they want you to give.

STEVE

Oh.

218 C.U. - DR. FORBES

218

DR. FORBES

(solemn, earnest and direct.

I don't want to beat around the bush with you, Mr. Garthwaite. You have money and there are people out there who need it. Families who haven't eaten in years.

(camera pulls back)

I could show you these photographs...but I won't.

(he produces a portfolio)

...because I don't think you could take them...You live up here in an ivory tower... alone.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DR. FORBES (Cont'd)

Well, there's a world out there....

STEVE

(cutting him off)

You don't think I know that?
 I've been there. I was there.
 I have been was there. You
 don't think I can look at a
 few photographs....?

Dr. Forbes holds up the photograph. The Camera cannot see
 them.

STEVE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh! Check book!
 Check book! Where's the
 check book!

He finds it and quickly writes a check. Dr. Forbes grabs the
 check and leaves. Steve speaks into the intercom.

STEVE

Next....

219

A tastefully dressed man enters. He reeks of class and
 breeding. He speaks in low, embarrassed tones.

219

STEVE

Yes?

MAN

(Italian accent)

Well....

STEVE

Yes?

MAN

(mumbling
 something)

STEVE

Speak up....

MAN

(clears his
 throat)

My plane....The seats are
 worn....

STEVE

What? The seats are worn on
 your plane? You shyster...I
 have just given money to people
 who have been sucking rocks for
 two years...And you come to me with

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE (Cont'd)
this petty, frivolous.....
Can you see the cracks in the
leather?

MAN
(depressed)
Some are beginning to tear....

STEVE
Have you tried saddle soap?

MAN
(breaking
down)
I've tried every saddle soap....

STEVE
How much do you need?

MAN
Well, for the best job it's
fifteen hundred dollars.

STEVE
(to the intercom)
Miss Woods, make out a check
for fifteen hundred dollars.

MAN
(on his knees)
Oh, thank you! Now I can go
to the film festival like a
man, not a bum.

He exits.

HOBART
Mr. Garthwaite, Father DeCordoba
is here to see you....

*

220 Father DeCordoba enters.

220

STEVE
How much do you want?

FATHER
Not a penny...until
you see these films.
(taps a film case)

*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Let me have that... Hobart, are
you over your grief enough to
close the blinds?

*

HOBART

(lightly)

Oh yes sir...one can't mourn
forever.

Hobart closes the blinds.

*

STEVE

Well lets go to the screening
room.

Steve crosses to a door in the living room and opens it and
motions for Father DeCordoba to enter.

221

INT. PANTAGES THEATRE

221

The Father and Steve enter.

FATHER

....There's something going on in
Mexico now...Some people think it's
a sport. I happen to think it's
cruelty to animals. I'm talking
about, of course, cat juggling....with
your permission....

STEVE

Roll it!

CUT TO:

222

INT. PANTAGES THEATRE - SCREEN

222

The film rolls. It is grainy, black and white, documentary-
style footage, shot under impossible conditions and smuggled
out of the country. The camera gets out of a cab, moves several
feet to a doorway in an alley and goes inside a smoky, crowded
pit, much like a cock fight. There is a tiny stage and a
curtain. The curtain parts and a Mexican (Steve, in thin
moustache, hair pomaded and ill-fitting tuxedo), enters and
bows to the crowd. In front of him is a table with three
or four little kittens on them. There are QUICK CUTS to the
vicious, cheering crowd, and then CLOSE UP shots of the
innocent, unsuspecting kittens....

STEVE

Good Lord! I've heard
about his cat juggling....

On the film, Steve's hands reach in and pick them up. CUT TO
WIDE SHOT of Steve juggling the kittens (stuffed), with the

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

crowd in the background cheering madly and barbarically.

223 ANGLE ON STEVE 223

overcome with emotion.

224 ANGLE ON SCREEN 224

Film runs out. The screen turns white. Steve jumps up.
We see the white screen over his shoulder.

STEVE

(shouts)

Stop it! Stop it! (As if the film
just stopped) Good! (To Father)
Padre, you're a religious man. Could
there be a god that would let this happen?
Where do I send my check?

FATHER

Here's the address. (Hands
Steve a card.)

STEVE

(on intercom)

Hobart, tell Miss Woods to make
out a check for eighteen thousand
dollars to...(reads from card)
Humanities International and mail it
to Room 309, Golden Nugget Hotel,
Las Vegas, Nevada.

HOBART (V.O.)

Yes sir...by the way, there are some
Con Men to see you.

STEVE

The Con Men? Yes...they called this
morning. Give them a drink and make
a couple for me...not the clear one
with the olive but the dark cloudy one
with the umbrella.

225 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 225

The Con Men are waiting. They are all dressed in polyester
leisure suits. Steve enters. (Music blares from the adjacent
party room where a crowded, hip Disco party is in progress.

STEVE

Gentlemen, what can I do for you?

1ST CON MAN

We have a proposition. We
think...

*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Let's do this in the garden...I don't want to bother my close friends.
(indicates the party in the party room.)

226

EXT. POOLSIDE AREA - DAY

226

Steve and the four business men are strolling around the pool, drinks in hand.

1ST CON MAN

So, if your initial investment is half a million and the apartments are up by March, you could have "X" amount of dollars rolling in by the end of this year.

STEVE

(very businesslike, sagely)
"X" amount? Oh excellent.

2ND CON MAN

Oh yes, and you'll be able to depreciate the entire building for the full amount.

STEVE

Hmm. Depreciate! Very good.

3RD CON MAN

And we found a way to get around this fair housing crap.

STEVE

Hmm. Good.

3RD CON MAN

We're going to keep the rents high by appealing to a select group of people.

STEVE

Select...hmm.

4TH CON MAN

In other words, we're going to keep out the niggers.

STEVE

The what?

1ST CON MAN

The niggers. We'll keep 'em out.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE
(stops)

Sir, you are talking to a
nigger!

227 He quickly slips his robe off, kicks off his slippers and 227
jumps into a Bruce Lee karate stance with an appropriate
shout. He is stripped to the waist, his body oiled like a
muscleman. He proceeds to annihilate three Con Men with a
series of slow motion choreographed karate blows. Steve kicks
the last man directly in the balls and then Steve falls to
the ground, in pain, clutching his foot...the man stands
unperturbed, smiling.

228 *
omit 228
omit

229 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MARIE

Don't be so hard on yourself.
How could you know that was
Iron Balls MacGinty?

Steve and Marie are seated at a table. Steve, wearing a dozen
gold chains, is emptying a bottle of wine. Waiter enters with
two dishes. *

WAITER

Ah, your escargots. (serves
them.) Would monsieur care
for another bottle of the
Chateau Latour?

STEVE

Yes, but no more 1966...we want
to splurge. We want some fresh
wine...the freshest you've got...
1978...79...no more of this old
stuff.

CONTINUED

WAITER

Oui, m'sieur.
(he starts out)

STEVE

(shouts suddenly)
Marie, don't look down. Look
in my eyes. Waiter!

WAITER

Oui, m'sieur.

Steve

(whispers)

There are snails on her plate.
Now get them out of here
before she sees them. Marie
don't look! Look away! You
would think at a fancy
restaurant like this at
these prices, you would be
able to keep the snails off
the food! Take them away and
bring us the melted cheese
sandwich appetizers you talk-
ed me out of.

(Waiter exits)

STEVE

Can you imagine in a restaur-
ant like this...they didn't
have the little bamboo um-
brellas for the wine...and now
snails on your plate.

MARIE

Can I look around now?

STEVE

Yes.

MARIE

Honey, I was in Fiorello's today
and I saw something I just had
to get you.

She offers him the package.

STEVE

You don't have to get me
things...

(he opens the
package)

Oh! Another gold chain!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He looks at his chest, already laden with gold chains, pendants, medallions, charms, etc. It is an imposing sight.

STEVE

I love you...

230

He kisses her, and she puts the chain around his neck. It's the straw that broke the camel's back. Steve struggles to maintain his balance, but the combined weight of the gold is too much for him. He struggles in vain, and then collapses head-first into the butter plate. Marie lifts him up; his head reels backwards. He flies off his chair, and with superhuman strength, rises to his feet. He totters and spins in different directions, but the weight of the gold carries him across the room and finally into the table of elegant diners. As Steve falls into the collapsing table, he screams.

230

STEVE

Check!

231

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

231

The ever present Disco party can be seen in the next room. Steve is drinking and dictating the letter into a machine.

STEVE (V.O)

(drunken voice)

"...And so, Mom, writing these letters to you is still one of my greatest pleasures. The communication between a mother and son is so special, so intimate, I guess you might say it's sacred. Your loving son, Steve....Copies to Salsbury and Randall, Attorneys at Law, H. Stewart Gregson, CPA, and Steve Garthwaite Letters Collection, Harvard University."

He shuts off the dictaphone. Marie enters from Disco party with a drink in hand and a gigolo at her side...she pushes him away

MARIE

Oh, Tony...you're so predictable.
(laughs a hollow, joyless laugh
and becomes suddenly tearful)
Are we turning into people who
can't handle money and power?

CONTINUED

231 CONTINUED

231

STEVE

Uh huh.

MARIE

Are we going to become superficial people, wasted by alcohol...

STEVE

Uh huh.

MARIE

Will we become surrounded by decadent friends?

STEVE

Uh huh...Isn't it great!
They'll write articles about us in tabloids...they'll say, 'What went wrong?'

MARIE

Is that what we want?

STEVE

What else!

MARIE

But what do I do? You get to be an asshole at the Board meetings!

STEVE

You can become a dilletante !

MARIE

I wouldn't sell my body!

STEVE

No, you're thinking of debutant. You've got to start taking lessons in things like ballet, macrame, powder puff mechanics. Take some yoga from that Top Ramen guy.

CONTINUED

231 CONTINUED

231

MARIE

Oh I see...We're going to be superficial.

STEVE

Right! No more 'ficial. Bye-Bye being
'ficial; Hello Super-ficial!

232 INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

232

It is a board meeting with Steve presiding. Twelve members of Steve's corporation sit around a conference table. Some wearing Optigrabs. Steve's legs are up resting on the table, and he's a little crazy.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

So, we're all agreed, gentlemen, the Optigrab Corporation family dinner will be held at The Palace of Sin. Now it's time for our nap. Heads down, everyone.

They all put their heads down. He waits a moment.

OK, nap's over.

(suddenly serious)

Gentlemen, good news....A lot of people have thought that I'm a one invention inventor. Well, not so....I have some new ideas. One...

He gets up from behind his desk. His legs, which have been propped up on the table all this time, remain at the desk while Steve parades. The executives gasp.

STEVE

That's right -- my newest invention. Comedy gag legs. Everyone will want these, from the schoolteacher to the duck hunter. And I have another invention. Bernstein, how much is the cheapest calculator?

BERNSTEIN

Eight dollars?

STEVE

You know why they cost that much? They're accurate. See this (holds up a home-made looking calculator). It's an estimator. Punch in six times six...(gives it to Bernstein; Bernstein does so).

STEVE

What've you got?

BERNSTEIN

Thirty-seven.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Close! But it only costs two dollars. People have been paying a big price for accuracy...this is good for the average guy who wants to know approximately what six time six is. Next, a new idea in Jigsaw Puzzles (takes cover off a large press-like machine). Now as you know, Optigrab has recently purchased a Rembrandt, a Cezanne and a Van Gogh. (points to them hanging on the wall; takes the Rembrandt off the wall). What happens to the millionaire who loves puzzles but hates to buy bad reproductions? (Raises press and slips painting into it) Who can he turn to? (pulls lever; the press closes on the painting.) Us! Optigrab, manufacturers of the two million dollar fine-art jigsaw puzzle. (Jigsawed pieces of the painting come tumbling out of a chute; Steve throws pieces on the table.) There's a little bit of fun for the sheik! Alright, Gentlemen (sings)...ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT, GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM...MERRILY, MERRILY, MERRILY, MERRILY, LIFE IS BUT A DREAM...Now, all the vice-presidents...

Some members join in singing.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT...etc. Now, marketing...ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT, etc.

233 INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM THAT DAY

233

Marie, tipsy, is seated on a sofa in front of a coffee-table. On it is an empty bottle of wine and two glasses. A swarthy Latin dressed in a black "suit of lights" is obviously drunk. Steve enters, carrying his briefcase.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Hi Honey.

MARIE

(slightly tipsy)

Oh hi, Dollface...

STEVE

(curiously)

Everything OK?

MARIE

Remember how you told me to take unnecessary lessons?

STEVE

Oh good, you took Flamingo Guitar from that Flamingo (points to drunken Latin).

MARIE

No, knife-throwing.

STEVE

Knife throwing's great! *

MARIE

I can almost do it. *

STEVE

Well let me see your stuff (backs against the wall) *

MARIE

Put your arms out.

STEVE

(he does so)

Let 'em fly good and hard so they'll stick. *

MARIE

Hold still...

234

She whips out a throwing knife, hurls it across the room where it sticks into the wooden door barely five inches from Steve's head. Before he can speak, she throws another knife. It lands on the other side of his head. Then three or four more in rapid succession...outlining his body.

234

MARIE

I practiced all day...aren't I good?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Very good. (Starts off.)

MARIE

Now turn sideways and put a balloon
in your mouth...Do you have a balloon?

STEVE

Yes...(whips a full-blown balloon out
of his breast pocket and clenches it
between his teeth.)

*

MARIE

(drunkenly weaving, and aiming
a sinister butcher knife)

One, two...three, four...five, six...
(and throws.)

235 Swish pan with knife to a close-up of Steve's head. The
knife is embedded in his head. He turns slowly, the blade
is out through the other side (ala arrow through the head).

235

MARIE

Are you alright?

STEVE

Yes. I've had experience with something
like this.

*

MARIE

Look what I've done! You've got that T.V.
interview today. I can't do anything right.

*

STEVE

Honey, I'll just get Mr. Andre to cover
it with a hair style and have it removed
later. You worry too much. If we can
keep doing this kind of senseless living
and keep the heavy drinking going, we
can acquire in a couple of months the phoniness
that it takes some people a lifetime.
C'mon let's toast!

*

From a 5-gallon Sparkletts bottle bearing a Chateau Lafite
Rothchild label, Steve draws a wine glass full of rich, red wine.

**

NOTE: He gets the Waterford Crystal from a paper-cup type dispenser.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

236 INT. PARTY ROOM NIGHT

236

Close-up of Marie, radiant, her head tossed back. She is in the midst of a torrid disco dance. Shot widens to include the jumping party. Dancers, drinkers, etc. Marie is dancing up a storm. With her is Steve dancing in a stiff, lummox-like way. He sports two small band-aids at his temples.

STEVE

(Dressed in a sharp tuxedo)

Those disco lessons really paid off Honey.

237 The party is in full swing. On one wall is a giant Advent T.V. 237
Screen showing an old western movie. Steve and Marie at this point do a short, wild and stunning disco-like dance to be choreographed. They finish in a blaze of triumph. They are over-applauded and over-complimented. "Steve baby, you're too much", "Dollface just super!", etc.

MARIE

(Looks off toward Advent)

Oooh Honey, here's that interview you did yesterday. (Shouts) Everybody, we're going to watch Steve on the T.V. Shut off the music. Get your drinks and sit down.

STEVE

Aw, nobody wants to see this.

MARIE

Shhhh, there you are.

238 Angle on screen. Close-up Steve is smiling and wearing a hair 238
style that covers the knife in his head.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

American Time News Magazine turns its probing eye on Steve Garthwaite, inventor of the Opti-grab, that little glasses handle that sold 10 million units in a few short months. Featured on the covers of Time, Newsweek, and many other major periodicals.

*

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Cuts of celebrities on magazine covers sporting Opti-grab.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Mr. Garthwaite, you've become
a millionaire over night....
Who are you?

*

STEVE

Who is Steve Garthwaite? Well,
Steve is a complex personality
as are most of the small breed
of modern day Renaissance
millionaires....

*

*

Pictures of Steve being interviewed continue on the screen in
cuts. Through the following, Steve characterizes the announcer's
descriptions.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

The interview with Mr. Garthwaite went
on for about fifteen minutes and through-
out it all, Mr. Garthwaite was charming,
incisive, self-effacing, animated, and highly
emotional. (NOTE: At the word animated,
a 5 second cut of a cartoon animation of
Steve)

239

239

240

Angle on announcer seated next to a cross-eyed man.

240

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANNOUNCER

We had planned to show you the entire Garthwaite interview, however, when we returned to our studio our news department informed us of a sensational development in the Garthwaite story. Seated with me is Mr. Joe Vignola, owner of The Vignola Shoe Repair Shop, one of the first purchasers of the Opti-grab. Mr. Vignola, tell us your story.

JOE

When I got my Optigrab, I thought it was the greatest invention ever. In my work I'm constantly taking on and off my glasses, bending in and out the frames. Suddenly I noticed I'm nailing the heels to the middle of the shoes. Guess what? The Opti-grab had made me cock-eyed. My whole family wears Opti-grabs and they're cock-eyed too, as are all the people who wear them. It seems when you are sitting around with nothing to do, it's only natural to stare at the little handle. So we formed a group lead by the celebrity Mr. Carl Reiner, also a victim of Opti-grab, to initiate a class-action suit against this villian.

Angle on the party crowd. They are stunned. A couple of the partygoers remove their glasses to reveal crossed-eyes. Steve smiles sickly.

ANNOUNCER

We visited Mr. Reiner in his Hollywood office.

241 INT. OFFICE-DAY

241

Carl is staring cross-eyed into camera.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CARL

As a director, I am constantly using my eyes. The Opti-grab device has caused me irreparable harm to my career. Let me show you a clip from my latest picture, where my faulty depth perception kept me from yelling "cut" at the proper moment.

242 A film clip rolls on the screen of a car driving off a cliff 242
and rolling off it. As the car is about twenty feet over the
cliff, we hear Carl yell "cut". Back to Carl.

CARL

243 If I had yelled cut in time, those actors 243
would be alive today. That's why I am
spearheading the ten million dollar class
action suit against Mr. Garthwaite and
his irresponsible selling of a product
he didn't even test on prisoners.

244 INT. PARTY-NIGHT 244

The party-goers drift off with excuses. "Boy, it's ten after seven", "Another phoney...", "Nouveau Riche...", "He got what he deserved.", "He made my mother cock-eyed", etc.

STEVE

Honey, why the gloom; this is not the end of the rainbow...I'm Steve Garthwaite...inventor. I've got art jigsaw puzzles...the the the ear movies. This is a parking ticket to me. Only instead of five dollars, it's ten million.

MARIE

(crying)

I don't care about losing the money; it's losing all the stuff.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

We're not going to lose our stuff.
This is America. I'm going to
receive a fair trial from an
impartial jury.

245 INT. COURTROOM-DAY

245

We pan across a row of twelve jurors. They are all cross-eyed.
The foreman rises.

FOREMAN

We find for the Plaintiff, Joe Vignola.

246 Angle on Judge. We only see the side of his head, with Steve
in background.

246

JUDGE

I award to Mr. Vignola and the other nine
million nine hundred, eighty-seven thousand,
six hundred fifty-two plaintiffs, the full
amount of the suit.

*

Steve takes out his pocket estimator and calculates.

STEVE

But your Honor, that's between 99 cents
and a \$1.15 per person approximately.
I'll be wiped out.

*

247 Angle on Judge. This time we see his face. He is cross-eyed.

247

JUDGE

(He bangs the gavel missing the
block.) Court is adjourned.

*

248 INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

248

Steve sits at a desk, drinking. We see movers in the back-
ground carting out a sofa. There are piles of envelopes on
one side of the desk, and piles of blank checks on the other.
Steve is writing diligently. He is wearing a short robe and
is looking a mess.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Pay to the order of Mrs. Wilbur
Fernly, one dollar and nine one-
hundreths cents. Signed Steve
Garthwaite.

He puts it in the envelope, licks it, stamps it and adds it to
the stack. He starts another.

STEVE

Mr. Iron balls McGinty...

(suddenly)

What?....

There is nothing there.

One dollar and...(he takes
another drink) nine... (he's
crazy) Huh? What's this!
Lint...! This lint. It's
driving me crazy!

249 Marie enters. She is wearing the gingham dress she wore in the 249
first bedroom scene. She is crying slightly.

STEVE

Why are you crying?...and why are
you wearing that old dress?

MARIE

Because I just heard a song on the
radio that reminded me of the way
we were.

STEVE

What was it?

MARIE

"The Way We Were." Look at us...
we've hit bottom.

STEVE

Oh no...maybe you hit bottom, but
I haven't hit bottom yet.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He stands up. We see his pants are down around his ankles.

STEVE

I've got a ways to go. Besides I'm working on fixing the Opti-grab, got a whole new idea. I'll make the handle point up so you can't see it. The only thing that could happen is if you fell down it could puncture your brain. But falling is very unlikely in today's world. This is the nineteen eighties, falling has been virtually eliminated. Nobody falls these days. And when I make it back on top, I'll buy you a diamond so big it'll make you puke!

She comes to him and speaks warmly.

MARIE

Oh honey, I don't want to puke. I don't want wealth. I want you like you used to be. I want the kind, gentle, sensitive person who gave elephant tranquilizers to Rod Shafter. What happened to that man?

STEVE

Me? What happened to the girl I fell in love with? The girl who put blue faces on cute Jewish people? The girl who believed in me. Well there's plenty of places I can go!

MARIE

Well go! The sooner you're out of my life, the sooner I can go back to being that wonderful girl in the gingham dress that you sang the Thermos song to!

By this time Steve has worked his way just outside the open front door. Marie is still inside.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARIE

This was supposed to be our love
cottage, instead it turned out to
be Casa Impotence!

250 She slams the door. Wham! Steve looks indignant. He 250
turns and walks out the gates with his pants around his
ankles.

251 Quick shots of Steve trudging down a hill in Bel-Air... 251

252 ...On a bus; 252

253 ...Hitchhiking; 253

254 ...Walking through crowds in Century City, looking up at 254
Stan Fox's office building.

255 INT. CENTURY PLAZA OFFICE BUILDING-DAY 255

Through the plate glass in the lobby, we can see Steve shuffling
across the concourse still in bathrobe, drink in hand, pants
around ankles, paddle-ball in pocket. People give way to let
him through as he heads into the lobby and waits for an elevator.

256 INT. STAN FOX'S OFFICE-DAY 256

The office is stripped bare with only one empty file cabinet
and a door on two saw-horses for a desk. Stan Fox is packing
things in a box to go on the road. There is a meek looking
young man sitting shyly in a corner.

STEVE

Stan, I got some more ideas.

STAN

(elated)

Good luck with them...! I got a new boy!
Found him at a bus stop. Kid's a genius.
He came up with a sure fire money maker...

Stan opens his coat to reveal a thick leather belt with
pouches around his waist.

STAN

A bible belt! Carries all your bibles!
Old Testament, New Testament, King James
Version, New Revised Version, The Gay
Bible, it's got everything.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STAN (cont.)

It's a church around your waist. Come on Medford, there's a lot of twenty-four ninety-five out there, and it's got our name on it. Steve, one minute you're up, one minute you're down. Think of it this way...we killed two minutes!

257 EXT. STAN FOX'S OFFICE-DAY

257

Steve exits the building and sits on a bench. There is an old Cosmopolitan Magazine nearby. Steve picks it up in his dilirium and stares at it. The shimmering effect on the cover changes the face of the girl into Hartounian's face.

HARTOUNTIAN V.O.

...And some day when you're at the bottom of the barrel, and you're walking around with your pants down around you're ankles, you'll take out this little piece of paper I'm giving you and you'll read something that'll take the pain away.

258 Steve takes his wallet out of his pants and finds the tattered envelope. He opens it and we see it as he unfolds dramatically the piece of paper. Insert: "For a good time, call Trudy, 555-1212." 258

STEVE

Call Trudy...

Steve looks up.

STEVE

(calling)

Trudy....Trudy....5551212....Wait a minute, I know what I want.

He pulls up his pants and runs off.

259

EXT. STEVE'S MANSION - DUSK

259

Steve runs across the lawn. He is frantic. Shithead wanders over to him. Steve tries the door; it is locked.

STEVE

(yelling)

Marie! It's me! Steve...I
know you can hear me...

*

CUT TO:

260

STEVE - OUTSIDE

260

STEVE

(still yelling)

I've reached bottom; Look, now I can go
back to the way I was...like in
that song, "The Way I Was". I need
you and you need me! If you love
me, when I get to the second chorus of
the Thermos song just stick your head
out the window and sing. Here we go....

*

(sings)

I'M PICKING OUT A THERMOS FOR YOU...
NOT JUST AN ORDINARY THERMOS FOR YOU...
Now, here comes your part...Now, sing...
okay? WITH VINYL...Stick your head out!...
AND STRIPES...Come on, sing...AND A CUP BUILT
RIGHT IN IT, AND A REAR-END THERMOMETER, TOO...

*

No Marie. He looks around forlornly, then speaks to
the dog.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STEVE

Shithead, it's up to you now. You've got to be her best friend. You've got to watch out for her. You've got to feed her, clothe her....

*

He picks up Shithead's paw.

*

STEVE

And when you sit by the fireplace with her, just play with her toes and kind of rub them. She loves that. And don't let anybody rape her.

He pulls his last dollar from his pants pocket.

STEVE

Here's a dollar. This will get you started.

Steve rises, and wanders off. As Steve disappears out of sight, the dog runs to the front door and starts barking for Marie.

261 INT. BEDROOM-DAY

261

We see Marie under a loud hair dryer. She is looking tearfully at their wedding photograph of the voodoo wedding. She turns off the hair dryer and hears the dog.

SOUND: DOG BARK

262 EXT. FRONT DOOR-DAY

262

Shithead jumps up and rings the doorbell.

SOUND: DOORBELL

263 INT. BEDROOM-DAY

263

Marie hears the barking and the doorbell and races out of the room.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

264 INT. FOYER-DAY 264

She races down the stairs excitedly to the front door. She opens it.

265 EXT. MANSION DOORWAY-DAY 265

Her excitement changes to disappointment as she only sees the dog.

MARIE

Oh Shithead, where's Steve?

The dog turns his head away sadly.

MARIE

Did he say anything?

Shithead goes into a long barking sequence, with intercuts of Marie listening.

MARIE

How sweet...

She sings "What'll I Do" while holding the dog.

MARIE

GONE IS THE ROMANCE THAT WAS SO
DIVINE... (To come)

During the second chorus, we see the following montage.

266 EXT. PAWN SHOP-DAY 266

Steve, in tattered bum clothes, looks at his watch ruefully, unstraps it, and enters the shop. A moment later, he steps out of the shop carrying a beat-up saxophone. He looks puzzled, puts it under his arm and walks off.

267 EXT. PARK-DAY 267

Steve is rooting through garbage cans looking for food. He opens a magazine, sees a picture of TV dinner, tears it out and eats it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Then he sees a peanut lying on the ground nearby. He starts to go for it, looks up and realizes he is being challenged for the nut by a squirrel. They stalk the nut, cutting back and forth. The squirrel stops, sits on his haunches and puts his front paws up as squirrels do. Steve does likewise. The squirrel siezes the nut and Steve chases him down and takes the nut from the squirrel.

268 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD-NIGHT

268

Steve watches as a bum rushes out into the traffic and cleans a car windshield with a rag. The driver gives the bum a coin. A beautiful, gleaming Ferrari pulls to a stop at the light near Steve. He runs up to the car removing a filthy rag from his coat pocket, and in an attempt to clean the windshield, smears a thick film of oil and food all over the windshield, totally obscuring the driver's view. Steve holds out his hand for a tip as the car speeds away.

269 INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

269

The room is barren except for fire going in the fireplace. Marie is on the floor leaning up against a packing crate. As she finishes the last chorus of the song, we see Shithead sitting at her feet licking her toes as instructed.

270 EXT. GUTTER-NIGHT

270

We are back to the scene on page one. The rain has stopped. Steve lays in the gutter talking into the camera. The theatre is letting out.

STEVE

So that's it. That's what happened to me this summer. It's not a pretty story; I know you'd rather hear one with a happy ending. But I'm afraid that only happens in the movies.

He takes his bottle of Pride and takes a swig. The camera pulls back to end the movie, and then we start to fade out, when a voice interrupts. A big, black sedan pulls up. A Black Driver pokes his head out the window.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DRIVER

Hey, any of you bums every heard of
Steve Garthwaite?

STEVE

(a drunken voice)

I've heard of him!

DRIVER

Born in Mississippi?

STEVE

Uh huh...

DRIVER

Gray hair ever since he was fifteen...

STEVE

I had gray hair ever since I was fifteen...

DRIVER

He once had wealth, power, and the love
of a beautiful woman?

STEVE

I was just telling these guys....!

DRIVER

Son!

STEVE

Dad....!

(he looks in the car)

Mom...Elvira...Cleotis...Navin...

Satch...Pierre...the whole family...

Marie steps out of the back seat wearing a white dress.

MARIE

Steve?

He goes to embrace her, hesitates, and then takes her with abandon.

STEVE

I don't even care if I get lint on me!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DAD

Son, we've been looking all over
for you...

MARIE

I called them the night you left;
I just had to.

STEVE

Oh, thank you, Marie.

MOM

We're takin' you both home. You're
going to live with us.

More weeping and embracing.

271

EXT. NEW SWIMMING POOL-DAY

271

Steve and the entire family are sitting under an umbrella. Every-
one is affluently dressed, Steve in white lounging clothes sipping
a glass of milk and eating Twinkies.

DAD

(into camera)

You see, we took that money he kept
sending us and embarked on a program
of periodic investments in a no-load
mutual fund. We're set!

He emits a giant laugh.

MOM

Now son, you better get those dirty
glasses and ramble your ass up to
the kitchen; we got no servants here.

STEVE

Yes Mom.

Steve gathers up the glasses.

MARIE

Mom, what can I do?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MOM

You stay out here in the sun and
try and catch up on the color scheme.

272 Steve has an armfull of glasses and heads up to the house. 272

STEVE

(into camera; aside)

Oh yeah. The one thing I insisted was
that they tear down the old house and
let me build them a brand new one.

They all stroll back toward the house, singing a happy blues
number. The camera pulls back and reveals them walking toward
a giant mansion-size version of the same old shack.

THE END